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A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

Mirst Series.

Mrs Mary Wilder Foote Tileston

"Drop Thy still dews of quietness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress. And let our ordered lives confess The beauty of Thy peace." J. G. WHITTIER.

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PREFACE.

In preparing this volume, the compiler has been careful not to change the author's language in any case. Omissions, however, have been made as seemed desirable; and the poems thus abbreviated are indicated, in the Index of First Lines, by asterisks. In some cases, the compiler has been favored with the latest corrections of the author, which will account for some variations from the current versions.

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QUIET HOURS.

NATURE.

HYMN OF NATURE.

HARK, my soul, how every thing Strives to serve our bounteous King; Each a double tribute pays, Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest choir Him with cheerful notes admire; Chanting every day their lauds, While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be, Streams have, too, their melody; Night and day they warbling run, Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring Hither their still music bring; If Heaven bless them, thankful they Smell more sweet, and look more gay. Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart, Wake, and gladly sing thy part; Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers, How to use thy nobler powers.

JOHN AUSTIN, 1668

SILENT PRAISE.

O THOU, who givest to the woodland wren A throat, like to a little light-set door,
That opens to his early joy,—to men
The spirit of true worship, which is more
Than all this sylvan rapture: what a world
Is Thine, O Lord!—skies, earth, men, beasts, and birds!

The poet and the painter have unfurled
Their love and wonder in descriptive words,
Or sprightly hues, — each, after his own sort,
Emptying his heart of its delicious hoards;
But all self-conscious blazonry comes short
Of that still sense no active mood affords,
Ere yet the brush is dipt, or uttered phrase
Hath breathed abroad those folds of silent praise!

CHARLES TURNER

EXTRACT FROM "THE EXCURSION."

SUCH was the boy — but for the growing youth, What soul was his, when, from the naked top Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked –

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched, And in their silent faces did he read Unutterable love. Sound needed none, Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form All melted into him; they swallowed up His animal being; in them did he live, And by them did he live; they were his life. In such access of mind, in such high hour Of visitation from the living God, Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired. No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request; Rapt into still communion that transcends The imperfect offices of prayer and praise, His mind was a thanksgiving to the power That made him; it was blessedness and love!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FROM "FROST AT MIDNIGHT."

DEAR babe, that sleepest cradled by my side, Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,

Fill up the interspersèd vacancies And momentary pauses of the thought! My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart With tender gladness, thus to look at thee, And think that thou shalt learn far other lore And in far other scenes! For I was reared In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim, And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars. But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds, Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible Of that eternal language, which thy God Utters, who from eternity doth teach Himself in all, and all things in himself. Great universal Teacher! he shall mould Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

EVENTIDE.

COMES something down with eventide,
Beside the sunset's golden bars,
Beside the floating scents, beside
The twinkling shadows of the stars.

Upon the river's rippling face, Flash after flash, the white Broke up in many a shallow place; The rest was soft and bright. By chance my eye fell on the stream:

How many a marvellous power

Sleeps in us — sleeps, and doth not dream!

This knew I in that hour.

For then my heart, so full of strife,
No more was in me stirred;
My life was in the river's life,
And I nor saw nor heard.

I and the river, we were one:
The shade beneath the bank,
I felt it cool; the setting sun
Into my spirit sank.

A rushing thing in power serene
I was; the mystery
I felt of having ever been,
And being still to be.

Was it a moment or an hour?
I know not; but I mourned
When, from that realm of awful power,
I to these fields returned.

THOMAS BURBIDGE

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

A S on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed, I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall, The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal, — A sunny phantom interlaced with shade; "Thanks be to heaven," in happy mood I said, "What sweeter aid my matins could befall Than this fair glory from the East hath made? What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all, To bid us feel and see! We are not free To say we see not, for the glory comes Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea; His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms; And, at prime hour, behold! He follows me With golden shadows to my secret rooms!"

CHARLES TURNER.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

PLAINNESS and clearness without shadow of stain!

Clearness divine!

Ye Heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign Of languor, though so calm, and though so great, Are yet untroubled and unpassionate:

Who though so noble share in the world's toil,
And though so task'd keep free from dust and soil:

I will not say that your mild deeps retain A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain Who have long'd deeply once, and long'd in vain; But I will rather say that you remain A world above man's head, to let him see How boundless might his soul's horizons be, How vast, yet of what clear transparency. How it were good to sink there, and breathe free. How fair a lot to fill Is left to each man still.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last
steps of day,

Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given, And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone, Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight, In the long way that I must tread alone Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THE SANDPIPER.

A CROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry

The wild waves reach their hands for it,

The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,

One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER.

HYMN OF A HERMIT.

O UNSEEN Spirit! now a calm divine
Comes forth from Thee, rejoicing earth and
air!

Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine, And Thy great ocean slumbers everywhere.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky
Stands clear and strong with darkened rocks and
dells.

And cloudless brightness opens wide on high A home aerial, where Thy presence dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,
The distant voice of children's thoughtless glee,
And maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass a sunny play Of flash, and shadow, stirs like inward life; The ship's white sail glides onward far away, Unhaunted by a thought of storm or strife.

Upon the narrow bridge of foot-worn plank,

The peasant stops where swift the waters glean,
And broods as if his heart in silence drank

More freshing draughts than that untainted stream.

The cottage roof, the burn, the spire, the graves,
All quaff the rest of seasons hushed as this,
And earth enjoys, while scarce its foliage waves,
The deep repose and harmony of bliss.

O Thou, the primal fount of life and peace, Who shedd'st Thy breathing quiet all around, In me command that pain and conflict cease, And turn to music every jarring sound.

How longs each gulf within the weary soul
To taste the life of this benignant hour,
To be at one with Thine untroubled whole,
And in itself to know Thy hushing power.

Amid the joys of all, my grief revives,

And shadows thrown from me Thy sunshine mar;
With this serene to-day dark memory strives,

And draws its legions of dismay from far.

Prepare, O Truth Supreme! through shame and pain,

A heart attuned to Thy celestial calm; Let not reflection's pangs be roused in vain, But heal the wounded breast with searching balm.

So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
In full accord to all Thy world of joy,
May I be nerved to labors high and pure,
And Thou Thy child to do Thy work employ.

In one, who walked on earth a man of woe,
Was holier peace than even this hour inspires;
From him to me let inward quiet flow,
And give the might my failing will requires.

So this great All around, so he, and Thou,

The central source and awful bound of things,

May fill my heart with rest as deep as now

To land, and sea, and air, Thy presence brings.

JOHN STERLING.

THE BIRD.

HITHER thou com'st. The busic wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own
warm wing

Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rain'd on thy bed
And harmless head;

And now, as fresh and chearful as the light, Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing Unto that Providence whose unseen arm Curb'd them, and cloath'd thee well and warm. All things that be praise Him; and had Their lesson taught them when first made.

HENRY VAUGHAN

MY DOVES.

"O Weisheit! Du red'st wie eine Taube!" - GOETHE.

MY little doves have left a nest Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
Or motion from the sea;
For, ever there, the sea-winds go
With sunlit paces to and fro.

The tropic flowers looked up to it,
The tropic stars looked down,
And there my little doves did sit,
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering eyes that showed their right
To general Nature's deep delight.

And God them taught, at every close
Of murmuring waves beyond,
And green leaves round, to interpose
Their choral voices fond,
Interpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

Fit ministers! of living loves
Theirs hath the calmest fashion,
Their living voice the likest moves
To lifeless intonation,
The lovely monotone of springs,
And winds, and such insensate things.

My little doves were ta'en away
From that glad nest of theirs,
Across an ocean rolling gray,
And tempest-clouded airs.
My little doves, — who lately knew
The sky and wave by warmth and blue!

And now, within the city prison,
In mist and chillness pent,
With sudden upward look they listen
For sounds of past content, —
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

The stir without the glow of passion,
The triumph of the mart,
The gold and silver as they clash on
Man's cold metallic heart,
The roar of wheels, the cry for bread,
These only sounds are heard instead.

Yet still, as on my human hand
Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean,
(Their eyes, with such a plaintive shine,
Are fastened upwardly to mine!)

Soft falls their chant as on the nest Beneath the sunny zone; For love that stirred it in their breast Has not aweary grown, And 'neath the city's shade can keep The well of music clear and deep.

And love, that keeps the music, fills
With pastoral memories;
All echoings from out the hills,
All droppings from the skies,
All flowings from the wave and wind,
Remembered in their chant, I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,
My little doves! to move
Along the city-ways with heart
Assured by holy love,
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream, —
More hard, in Babel's street!
But if the soulless creatures deem
Their music not unmeet
For sunless walls, let us begin,
Who wear immortal wings within!

To me, fair memories belong
Of scenes that used to bless,
For no regret, but present song,
And lasting thankfulness,
And very soon to break away,
Like types, in purer things than thev

I will have hopes that cannot fade,
For flowers the valley yields!
I will have humble thoughts instead
Of silent, dewy fields!
My spirit and my God shall be
My sea-ward hill, my boundless sea.

E. B. BROWNING

TO A SNOWDROP FOUND IN FEBRUARY.

I KNOW not what among the grass thou art,
Thy nature, nor thy substance, fairest flower,
Nor what to other eyes thou hast of power
To send thine image through them to the heart;
But when I push the frosty leaves apart,
And see thee hiding in thy wintry bower,
Thou growest up within me from that hour,
And through the snow I with the spring depart.

I have no words. But fragrant is the breath,
Pale Beauty, of thy second life within.
There is a wind that cometh for thy death,
But thou a life immortal dost begin,
Where, in one soul, which is thy heaven, shall
dwell
Thy spirit, beautiful Unspeakable!

ANON. From "The Seaboard Parisk."

THE VIOLET

THOU tellest truths unspoken yet by man,
By this thy lonely home and modest look;
For he has not the eyes such truths to scan,
Nor learns to read from such a lowly book.
With him it is not life firm-fixed to grow
Beneath the outspreading oaks and rising pines,
Content this humble lot of thine to know,
The nearest neighbor of the creeping vines;
Without fixed root he cannot trust like thee
The rain will know the appointed hour to fall,
But fears lest sun or shower may hurtful be,
And would delay, or speed them with his call;
Nor trust like thee, when wintry winds blow cold,
Whose shrinking form the withered leaves enfold.

JONES VERY

THE DAISY.

EACH hath its place in the Eternal Plan:
Heaven whispers wisdom to the wayside flower,

Bidding it use its own peculiar dower,
And bloom its best within its little span.
We must each do, not what we will, but can;
Nor have we duty to exceed our power.
To all things are marked out their place and hour:

The child must be a child, the man a man.

And surely He who metes, as we should mete
Could we His insight use, shall most approve,
Not that which fills most space in earthly eyes
But what — though Time scarce note it as he flies —
Fills, like this little daisy at my feet,
Its function best of diligence in love.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the Milky Way, They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay: Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For ott, when on my couch I lie In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude, And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE RHODORA:

On BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

I N May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes, I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods, Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook, To please the desert and the sluggish brook. The purple petals, fallen in the pool, Made the black water with their beauty gay; Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool, And court the flower that cheapens his array. Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing, Then Beauty is its own excuse for being: Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose! I never thought to ask, I never knew; But, in my simple ignorance, suppose The self-same Power that brought me there brought you. R. W. EMERSON.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE

"WHAT are you looking at?" the farmer said; "That's nothing but a yellow-flowering weed."

We turned, and saw our neighbor's grizzled head Above the fence, but took of him no heed.

There stood the simple man, and wondered much At us, who wondered at the twilight flowers Bursting to life, as if a spirit's touch Awoke their slumbering souls to answer ours.

"It grows all o'er the island, wild," said he.

"There's plenty in my field. I root 'em out;
But, for my life, it puzzles me to see

What you make such a wonderment about."

The good man turned, and to his supper went;
While kneeling on the grass, with mute delight,
Or whispered words, around the plant we bent
To watch the opening buds that love the night.

Slowly the rosy dusk of eve departed,
And one by one the pale stars bloomed on high;
And one by one each folded calyx started,
And bared its golden petals to the sky.

One throb from star to flower seemed pulsing through
The night; one living spirit blending all
In beauty and in mystery ever new;
One harmony divine through great and small.

E'en our plain neighbor, as he sips his tea, I doubt not through his window feels the sky Of evening bring a sweet and tender plea That links him even to dreamers such as I.

So through the symbol alphabet that glows
Through all creation, higher still and higher
The spirit builds its faith, and ever grows
Beyond the rude form of its first desire.

O boundless Beauty and Beneficence!
O deathless Soul that breathest in the weeds,
And in a starlit sky! E'en through the rents
Of accident thou serv'st all human needs,

Nor stoopest idly to our petty cares:

Nor knowest great or small, since, folded in
By Universal Love, all being shares

The life that ever shall be or hath been.

C. P. CRANCH

THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

THE golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,
Dissolved in glory float,
And, midway of the radiant flood,
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,

The sky a sea as well,

And which is earth, and which the heavens,

The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for us life's evening hour Soft passing shall descend, May glory, born of earth and heaven, The earth and heavens blend;

Flooded with peace the spirit float,
With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven begins
The soul shall scarcely know.

SAMUEL LONGFEI LOW.

CALM.

'TIS a dull, sullen day, — the gray beach o'er
In rippling curves the ebbing ocean flows;
Along each tiny crest that nears the shore
A line of soft green shadow rises, glides, and goes.

The tide recedes, the flat smooth beach grows bare,
More faint the low sweet plashing on my ears.
Yet still I watch the dimpling shadows fair,
As each is born, glides, pauses, disappears.

What channel needs our faith, except the eyes?
God leaves no spot of earth unglorified;
Profuse and wasteful, lovelinesses rise;
New beauties dawn before the old have died.

Trust thou thy joys in keeping of the Power Who holds these changing shadows in His hand; Believe and live, and know that hour by hour Will ripple newer beauty to thy strand.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THE FOREST GLADE.

A S one dark morn I trod a forest glade,
A sunbeam entered at the further end.
And ran to meet me thro' the yielding shade,
As one who in the distance sees a friend,
And, smiling, hurries to him; but mine eyes,
Bewildered by the change from dark to bright,
Received the greeting with a quick surprise
At first, and then with tears of pure delight;
For sad my thoughts had been,—the tempest's
wrath

Had gloomed the night, and made the morrow grey; That heavenly guidance humble sorrow hath, Had turned my feet into that forest-way, Just when His morning-light came down the path, Among the lonely woods at early day.

CHARLES TURNER

SUNDAY ON THE HILL-TOP.

ONLY ten miles from the city,—
And how I am lifted away
To the peace that passeth knowing,
And the light that is not of day!

All alone on the hill-top!

Nothing but God and me,

And the spring-time's resurrection,

Far shinings of the sea,

The river's laugh in the valley, Hills dreaming of their past; And all things silently opening, Opening into the Vast!

Eternities past and future Seem clinging to all I see, And things immortal cluster Around my bended knee.

That pebble — is older than Adam! Secrets it hath to tell; These rocks — they cry out history, Could I but listen well.

That pool knows the ocean-feeling
Of storm and moon-led tide;
The sun finds its East and West therein,
And the stars find room to glide.

That lichen's crinkled circle
Still creeps with the Life Divine,
Where the Holy Spirit loitered
On its way to this face of mine,—

On its way to the shining faces
Where angel-lives are led;
And I am the lichen's circle
That creeps with tiny tread.

I can hear these violets chorus
To the sky's benediction above:
And we all are together lying
On the bosom of Infinite Love.

I — I am a part of the poem,
 Of its every sight and sound,
 For my heart beats inward rhymings
 To the Sabbath that lies around.

Oh, the peace at the heart of Nature!
Oh, the light that is not of day!
Why seek it afar for ever,
When it cannot be lifted away?

W. C. GANNETT

BLUE HILL, May 21, 1871.

LINES

Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on re-visiting the banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13th, 1798.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length

Of five long winters! and again I hear

These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs

With a soft inland murmur. Once again

Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,

That on a wild secluded scene impress

Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.

The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard-tufts
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms, Through a long absence, have not been to me As is a landscape to a blind man's eye: But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din Of towns and cities, I have owed to them, In hours of weariness, sensations sweet, Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart; And passing even into my purer mind, With tranquil restoration: - feelings too Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps, As have no slight or trivial influence On that best portion of a good man's life, His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, To them I may have owed another gift, Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood In which the burden of the mystery,

In which the heavy and the weary weight Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft -In darkness and amid the many shapes Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir Unprofitable, and the fever of the world, Have hung upon the beatings of my heart -How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods, How often has my spirit turned to thee! And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought, With many recognitions dim and faint, And somewhat of a sad perplexity, The picture of the mind revives again: While here I stand, not only with the sense Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts That in this moment there is life and food For future years. And so I dare to hope, Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first

I came among these hills; when, like a roe.

I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams, Wherever Nature led: more like a man Flying from something that he dreads, than one Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days, And their glad animal movements all gone by) To me was all in all. I cannot paint What then I was. The sounding cataract Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock, The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, Their colors and their forms, were then to me An appetite; a feeling and a love, That had no need of a remoter charm, By thought supplied, nor any interest Unborrowed from the eye. - That time is past, And all its aching joys are now no more, And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts Have followed; for such loss, I would believe, Abundant recompense. For I have learned To look on Nature, not as in the hour Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes The still, sad music of humanity, Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

A motion and a spirit that impels

All thinking things, all objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,

And mountains; and of all that we behold

From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye, and ear, —both what they half create,

And what perceive; well pleased to recognize

In Nature and the language of the sense,

The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul

Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance, If I were not thus taught, should I the more Suffer my genial spirits to decay: For thou art with me here upon the banks Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend, My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch The language of my former heart, and read My former pleasures in the shooting lights Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while May I behold in thee what I was once, My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make, Knowing that Nature never did betray The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege, Through all the years of this our life, to lead From joy to joy; for she can so inform The mind that is within us, so impress With quietness and beauty, and so feed With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues. Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men.

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; And let the misty mountain-winds be free To blow against thee: and, in after years, When these wild ecstasies shall be matured Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, Thy memory be as a dwelling-place For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief, Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance, If I should be where I no more can hear Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams

Of past existence, — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, — oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

WILLIAM WORDSWOR'CH

RAIN AFTER DROUGHT.

A FEW short hours ago, and all the land Lay, as in fever, faint and parched with drought;

And so had lain, while many a weary day
Dragged the long horror of its minutes out.

The juiceless fruits fell from the dusty trees;
The farmer doubted if the Lord was good,
As, sad, he watched the labor of his hands,
Made useless by the Day-god's fiery mood.

The hot streets sickened in the burning glare;
The roadsides lost the glory of their green;
No second growth sprung up to glad the eye,
Where once the mower with his scythe had been.

A few short hours ago! And now, behold,
Freshness and beauty gleam on every side;
The earth has drunk its fill, and all about
The amber pools are stretching far and wide.

A million drops are flashing in the sun;
The springs far down the upper wonder know;
The farmer laughs, and little cares how fast
Through his torn hat the cooling streamlets flow

And all the fields and pastures seem to say,
With joyous smile that I shall ne'er forget,
And all the flowers and trees in chorus join,
"We knew 'twould come; He never failed us
yet."

God of my life, as God of all beside,

This lovely wonder, which thy hand hath
wrought,

Quickens in thought the mercies manifold Which thy great love into my soul hath brought.

For I have lain, full oft, as hot and dry
As ever earth in summer's fiercest hour;
And the long days, slow creeping over me,
Brought me no tokens of thy gracious power.

Then, at thy word, down fell thy spirit rain;
I felt its coolness all my being through;
Made fresh and clean and joyous every whit,
I heard the whisper, "I make all things new."

But mine, alas! was not the holy faith

The parched earth felt through all her thirsty
hours;

I was in fear that never more again
Should I be quickened by the heavenly powers.

So shall it be no more; but, though I lie
For many days as one thou dost forget,
Recalling this glad hour, my heart shall say,
"I know 'twill come; He never failed me yet."

JOHN W CHADWICE

THE FLY'S LECTURE.

ONCE on a time, when tempted to repine, In yon green nook I nursed a sullen theme, A fly lit near me, lovelier than a dream, With burnished plates of sight, and pennons fine: His wondrous beauty struck and fixt my view, As, ere he mingled with the shades of eve, With silent feet he trod the honey-dew, In that lone spot, where I had come to grieve: And still, whene'er the hour of sorrow brings, Once more, the humors and the doubts of grief, In my mind's eye, from that moist forest-leaf Once more I see the glorious insect rise!

My faith is lifted on two gauzy wings, And served with light by two metallic eyes.

CHARLES TURNER

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, you red-cloaked clown,

Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height,

Nor knowest thou what argument Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent. All are needed by each one; Nothing is fair or good alone. I thought the sparrow's note from heaven, Singing at dawn on the alder bough; I brought him home, in his nest, at even; He sings the song, but it pleases not now, For I did not bring home the river and sky; --He sang to my ear, - they sang to my eye. The delicate shells lay on the shore: The bubbles of the latest wave Fresh pearls to their enamel gave; And the bellowing of the savage sea Greeted their safe escape to me. I wiped away the weeds and foam, I fetched my sea-born treasures home: But the poor, unsightly, noisome things Had left their beauty on the shore, With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproat

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth." —
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,

Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

R. W. EMERSON

MORNING AND EVENING.

MORNING.

"His compassions fail not. They are new every morning."

LAM. iii. 2; 24

H UES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born.
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay, That dancest forth at opening day, And brushing by with joyous wing, Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam, By which deep grove and tangled stream Pay, for soft rains in season given, Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight Upon our thankless, joyless sight; Who day by day to sin awake, Seldom of Heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise, Hearts that with rising morn arise! Eyes that the beam celestial view, Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love Our wakening and uprising prove; Through sleep and darkness safely brought, Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day, Hover around us while we pray; New perils past, new sins forgiven, New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaveu.

If on our daily course our mind Be set to hallow all we find, New treasures still, of countless price, God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be, As more of Heaven in each we see; Some softening gleam of love and prayer Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain Untired we ask, and ask again, Ever. in its melodious store, Finding a spell unheard before;

Such is the bliss of souls serene, When they have sworn, and steadfast mean Counting the cost, in all to espy Their God, in all themselves deny O could we learn that sacrifice, What lights would all around us rise! How would our hearts with wisdom talk Along life's dullest, dreariest walk.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell, Our neighbor and our work farewell, Nor strive to wind ourselves too high For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task, Would furnish all we ought to ask; Room to deny ourselves; a road To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these, Let present rapture, comfort, ease, As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:— The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love, Fit us for perfect rest above; And help us, this and every day, To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE

LUX ECCE SURGIT AUREA.

NOW with the rising, golden dawn, Let us, the children of the day, Cast off the darkness which so long Has led our guilty souls astray. O may the morn, so pure, so clear, Its own sweet calm in us instil:

A guileless mind, a heart sincere, Simplicity of word and will.

LYRA CATHOLICA

WHEN I AWAKE, I AM STILL WITH THEE.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,

When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee; Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows, The solemn hush of nature newly born; Alone with Thee in breathless adoration, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! as, to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and Heaven

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber, Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading, But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWN

VESPERS.

O SHADOW in a sultry land!
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love enfolding like the night
Brings quietude and rest,
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed!

From aimless wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro;
The wave of being mingles deep
Amid its ebb and flow;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know!

That which the garish day had lost,
The twilight vigil brings,
While softlier the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings,—
The sense of an immortal trust,
The brush of angel wings!

Drop down behind the solemn hills, O Day, with golden skies! Serene above its fading glow, Night, starry crowned, arise! So beautiful may Heaven be, When Life's last sunbeam dies!

C. M. PACKARD

AN EVENING HYMN.

LORD, should we oft forget to sing A thankful evening song of praise, This duty they to mind might bring Who chirp among the bushy sprays. For to their perches they retire, When first the twilight waxeth dim; And every night that sweet-voiced choir Shuts up the daylight with a hymn.

Ten thousand-fold more cause have we To close each day with praiseful voice, To offer thankful hearts to Thee, And in Thy mercies to rejoice.

Therefore for all Thy mercies past, For those this evening doth afford, And which for times to come Thou hast, We give Thee hearty thanks, O Lord!

GEORGE WITHER, 1588- 166-

ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine:
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed;
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee.
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

I N the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers
flee,

Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek, O God, but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For oh, in spite of past and present care, Or any thing beside, how joyfully Passes that silent, solitary hour, My God, with Thee.

More tranquil than the stillness of the night, More peaceful than the silence of that hour, More blest than any thing, my spirit lies Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee.

Anon. Found in a chest, in an English cottage

EVENING DEVOTION.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close,

With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought expressed!
Only a sense of supplication,
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since, in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDATE

LIFE AND DUTY.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth;
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to
stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright, And happy will our nature be, When love is an unerring light, And joy its own security. And they a blissful course may hold,
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their
need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear The Godhead's most benignant grace; Nor know we any thing so fair As is the smile upon thy face; Flowers laugh before thee on their beds; And fragrance in thy footing treads; Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me
live!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

EXTRACT FROM "ST. MATTHEW'S DAY."

THERE are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

JOHN KEBLF

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

 ${
m P}^{
m RUNE}$ thou thy words, the thoughts

That o'er thee swell and throng; They will condense within thy soul, And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 18:3

"HE REMEMBERETH WE ARE DUST."

WHERE'ER her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spun,
Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born;

What forged her cruel chain of moods, What set her feet in solitudes, And held the love within her mute: What mingled madness in the blood, A life-long discord and annov. Water of tears with oil of joy. And hid within the folded bud Perversities of flower and fruit. It is not ours to separate The tangled skein of will and fate. To show what metes and bounds should stand Upon the soul's debatable land. And between choice and Providence Divide the circle of events: But He who knows our frame is just, Merciful and compassionate. And full of sweet assurances And hope for all the language is, That He remembereth we are dust!

J. G. WHITTIER, from Snow-Boun i

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

PSALM XXXI. 15

RATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to dc
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,—

More careful, — not to serve Thee much, But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth
That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. WARING.

FROM "MY SOUL AND I."

K NOW well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

Oh, restless spirit! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere?—
Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell.
His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
And He is there.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness

His own thy will,

And with strength from Him shall thy utter

weakness

Life's task fulfil.

J. G. WHITTIER

THE STRAIGHT ROAD.

BEAUTY may be the path to highest good, And some successfully have it pursued. Thou, who wouldst follow, be well warned to see That way prove not a curved road to thee. The straightest way perhaps which may be sought Lies through the great highway men call *I ought*.

DISCIPLES' HYMN-POOK

SEMITA JUSTORUM.

WHEN I look back upon my former race,
Seasons I see at which the Inward Ray
More brightly burned, or guided some new way;
Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space,
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace.
And next, I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.
So now, whene'er, in journeying on, I feel
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,
Searching to know what He will now reveal,
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,
And girding me to work His full behest.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833

BEAUTY AND DUTY.

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was beauty; I woke, — and found that life was duty. Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie? Toil on, sad heart, courageously; And thou shalt find thy dream shall be A noon-day light and truth to thee.

DISCIPLES' HYMN-BOOK

SONNET.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide.
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,—
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

IOHN MILTON

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

OH, it is hard to work for God, To rise and take His part Upon this battle-field of earth, And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart, But learn what God is like; And in the darkest battle-field Thou shalt know where to strike Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God; And right the day must win; To doubt would be disloyalty, To falter would be sin!

F. W. FABER

MORALITY.

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides:
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth, The labor and the wounds are vain, The enemy faints not, nor faileth, And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars, It may be, in you smoke concealed, Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers, And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking, Seem here no painful inch to gain, Far back, through creeks and inlets making, Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, — how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH 849

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY

DEAR, secret greenness! nurst below Tempests and winds and winter nights! Vex not, that but One sees thee grow; That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience calm and bright Within itself, an outward test? Who breaks his glass, to take more light, Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white-winged reapers come!

HENRY VAUGHAN

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

SPINNING.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race

My threads will have; so from the first, Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,—
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,

To hear their tread

Who bear the finished web away,

And cut the thread,

And bring God's message in the sun,

"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

H. H

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."

WHAT we, when face to face we see
The Father of our souls, shall be,
John tells us, doth not yet appear:
Ah! did he tell what we are here!

A mind for thoughts to pass into, A heart for loves to travel through, Five senses to detect things near, Is this the whole that we are here?

Rules baffle instincts, — instincts rules; Wise men are bad, — and good are fools; Facts evil — wishes vain appear, We cannot go, why are we here?

O may we, for assurance sake, Some arbitrary judgment take, And wilfully pronounce it clear, For this or that 'tis we are here?

Or is it right, and will it do, To pace the sad confusion through, And say: "It doth not yet appear, What we shall be, what we are here"?

Ah, yet, when all is thought and said, The heart still overrules the head; Still what we hope we must believe, And what is given us receive;

Must still believe, for still we hope, That in a world of larger scope, What here is faithfully begun Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we That ampler life together see, Some true result will yet appear Of what we are, together, here.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

DAYS.

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days, Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes, And marching single in an endless file, Bring diadems and fagots in their hands. To each they offer gifts after his will, Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all. I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp, Forgot my morning wishes, hastily Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day Turned and departed silent. I, too late, Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

R. W. EMERSON

HUMAN LIFE.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing,
In current unperceived because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing,
And still, O still, their dying breath is sweet:
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer Good to cure an older Ill;

And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them

Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them.

AUBREY DE VERE

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O STREAM descending to the sea, Thy mossy banks between, The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow, The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
The fields the labourers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess, Our hearts affections fill, We toil and earn, we seek and learn, And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend, Inevitable sea, To which we flow, what do we know, What shall we guess of thee? A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfil;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine
And be above us still.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

MASON-LODGE.

THE Future hides in it Gladness and sorrow; We press still thorow, Nought that abides in it Daunting us, — onward.

And solemn before us, Veiled, the dark Portal, Goal of all mortal:— Stars silent rest o'er us, Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest, Comes boding of terror, Comes phantasm and error, Perplexes the bravest With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,— Heard are the Sages, The Worlds and the Ages: "Choose well, your choice is Brief and yet endless: Here eyes do regard you, In Eternity's stillness; Here is all fulness, Ye brave, to reward you; Work, and despair not."

J. W. VON GOETHE. Trans. by THOMAS CARLYLE

STANZAS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;

Man by man was never seen;

All our deep communing fails

To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns, left alone,
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught;

Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth:

We, like parted drops of rain, Swelling till they melt and run, Shall be all absorbed again, Melting, flowing into one.

C. P CRANCH.

THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith could see
Would I that cowled churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure, Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought His awful Jove young Phidias brought; Never from lips of cunning fell The thrilling Delphic oracle; Out from the heart of nature rolled The burdens of the Bible old; The litanies of nations came, Like the volcano's tongue of flame, Up from the burning core below, — The canticles of love and woe; The hand that rounded Peter's dome, And groined the aisles of Christian Rome, Wrought in a sad sincerity; Himself from God he could not free; He builded better than he knew; — The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove you woodbird's nest Of leaves, and feathers from her breast? Or how the fish outbuilt her shell, Painting with morn each annual cell? Or how the sacred pine-tree adds To her old leaves new myriads? Such and so grew these holy piles. Whilst love and terror laid the tiles. Earth proudly wears the Parthenon, As the best gem upon her zone; And Morning opes with haste her lids, To gaze upon the Pyramids; O'er England's abbeys bends the sky, As on its friends, with kindred eye; For, out of Thought's interior sphere, These wonders rose to upper air; And Nature gladly gave them place, Adopted them into her race.

And granted them an equal date With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass; Art might obey, but not surpass. The passive Master lent his hand To the vast soul that o'er him planned; And the same power that reared the shrine Bestrode the tribes that knelt within. Ever the fiery Pentecost Girds with one flame the countless host. Trances the heart through chanting choirs, And through the priest the mind inspires. The word unto the prophet spoken Was writ on tables yet unbroken; The word by seers or sibyls told, In groves of oak, or fanes of gold, Still floats upon the morning wind, Still whispers to the willing mind. One accent of the Holy Ghost The heedless world hath never lost.

R. W. EMERSON

"THALATTA!"

CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

I STAND upon the summit of my years.

Behind, the toil, the camp, the march, the strife,

The wandering and the desert; vast, afar,

Beyond this weary way, behold! the Sea! The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings, By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace. Palter no question of the dim Beyond; Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest; Majestic motion, unimpeded scope, A widening heaven, a current without care. Eternity! — Deliverance, Promise, Course! Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

BROWNLEE BROWN

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

A^S ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered —
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides —
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last!

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR F CLOUGH

INWARD STRIFE.

IN THE FIELD.

FIGHTING the battle of life!
With a weary heart and head;
For in the midst of the strife
The banners of joy are fled.

Fled, and gone out of sight,
When I thought they were so near;
And the music of hope, this night,
Is dying away on my ear.

Fighting the whole day long,
With a very tired hand,—
With only my armour strong—
The shelter in which I stand.

Fighting alone to-night,—
With not even a stander-by
To cheer me on in the fight,
Or to hear me when I cry.

Only the Lord can hear—
Only the Lord can see,
The struggle within, how dark and drear,
Though quiet the outside be.

Lord, I would fain be still

And quiet, behind my shield;
But make me to love thy will,
For fear I should ever yield.

Nothing but perfect trust, And love of thy perfect will, Can raise me out of the dust, And bid my fears be still.

Even as now my hands —
So doth my folded will
Lie waiting thy commands,
Without one anxious thrill.

But as with sudden pain
My hands unfold, and clasp,—
So doth my will start up again,
And taketh its old firm grasp.

Lord, fix my eyes upon thee,
And fill my heart with thy love;
And keep my soul till the shadows flee,
And the light breaks forth above.

ANNA WARNER

ONLY ONE STEP.

VAINLY I strive through the darkness to see
The path I must travel, 'tis hidden from me;
Halting, despairingly, kneeling, I say,
"Father, I cannot go; there is no way."

Lo! as I kneel, at His feet humbly bowed, My pathway is shown through a break in the cloud, – No road stretching far, the horizon to meet, Only one step, lying close at my feet.

"Place my feet in it, O Father above!
Teach me to trust in Thy infinite love!
The way that is hidden from me still Thou knowest;
Make me content with the step that Thou showest!"

THE OLIVE LEAF

UNDER THE CROSS.

I CANNOT, cannot say—
Out of my bruised and breaking heart—
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,
While blood-drops start
From every pore, as I drag on—
"Thy will, O God, be done."

I cannot, in the wave
Of my strange sorrow's fierce baptism,
Look up to heaven, with spirit brave
With holy chrism;
And while the whelming rite goes en,
Murmur, "God's will be done."

I thought, but yesterday,
My will was one with God's dear will;
And that it would be sweet to say—
Whatever ill
My happy state should smite upon,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

Now, faint and sore afraid,
Under my cross—heavy and rude—
My idols in the ashes laid,
Like ashes strewed;
The holy words my pale lips shun—
"O God, thy will be done."

Pity my woes, O God!

And touch my will with thy warm breath;
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,
That quickens death;
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,
And say, "Thy will be done!"

JAN 1, 1862.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

UNDER THE CLOUD.

O BEAUTEOUS things of earth!
I cannot feel your worth
To-day.

O kind and constant friend!
Our spirits cannot blend
To-day.

O Lord of truth and grace!
I cannot see Thy face
To-day.

A shadow on my heart Keeps me from all apart To-day.

Yet something in me knows How fair creation glows To-day.

And something makes me sure
That love is not less pure
To-day.

And that th' Eternal Good Minds nothing of my mood To-day.

For when the sun grows dark, A sacred, secret spark Shoots rays.

Fed from a hidden bowl, A lamp burns in my soul All days.

CHARLES G. AMES, 1869

NO MORE SEA.

LIFE of our life, and Light of all our seeing,
How shall we rest on any hope but Thee?
What time our souls, to Thee for refuge fleeing,
Long for the home where there is no more sea?

For still this sea of life, with endless wailing,
Dashes above our heads its blinding spray,
And vanquished hearts, sick with remorse and
failing,

Moan like the waves at set of autumn day.

And ever round us swells the insatiate ocean
Of sin and doubt that lures us to our grave;
When its wild billows, with their mad commotion.
Would sweep us down—then only Thou canst save.

And deep and dark the fearful gloom unlighted
Of that untried and all-surrounding sea,
On whose bleak shore arriving — lone — benighted,
We fall and lose ourselves at last — in Thee.

Yea! in Thy life our little lives are ended,
Into Thy depths our trembling spirits fall;
In Thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,
As holds the sea her waves — Thou hold'st us all!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

DESIRE.

THOU, who dost dwell alone—
Thou, who dost know thine own—
Thou to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave,—
Save, oh, save!

From the world's temptations,
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,—
Save, oh, save!

When the Soul, growing clearer, Sees God no nearer: When the Soul, mounting higher, To God comes no nigher: But the arch-fiend Pride Mounts at her side. Foiling her high emprize, Sealing her eagle eyes, And, when she fain would soar, Makes idols to adore: Changing the pure emotion Of her high devotion, To a skin-deep sense Of her own eloquence; Strong to deceive, strong to enslave -Save, oh, save!

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature;
From grief, that is but passion;
From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;

From wild and weak complaining; Thine old strength revealing, Save, oh, save!

From doubt, where all is double:
Where wise men are not strong:
Where comfort turns to trouble:
Where just men suffer wrong:
Where sorrow treads on joy:
Where sweet things soonest cloy:
Where faiths are built on dust:
Where Love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as 'he sea;
Oh, set us free!

O let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually.
O where thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb:
Let all words be mild:
All strifes be reconciled:
All pains beguiled.
Light bring no blindness;
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin;
Fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh, save!

MATTEEW ARNOLD

DENIAL.

THE two best gifts in all the perfect world
Lie in two close-shut hands;
The hands rest even on the outstretched knees
Like those stone forms the wildered traveller sees
In dreamy Eastern lands.

I reach to grasp: but lo! that hand withdraws,
The other forward glides;
The silent gesture says: "This is for thee,
Take now and wait not ever, listlessly,
For changing times and tides."

I take — Thou canst not say I took it not!

The record readeth fair.

I take and use, and come again to crave,

With weary hands and feet, but spirit brave—

The same thing lieth there.

So many times! ah me! so many times!

The same hand gives the gift;

And must I, till the evening shadows grow,

Still kneel before an everlasting No,

To see the other lift?

I ask for bread; Thou givest me a stone;
Oh give the other now!
Thou knowest, Thou, the spirit's bitter need,
The day grows sultry as I come to plead
With dust on hand and brow.

Ah fool! Is he not greater than thy heart?
His eyes are kindest still.
And seeing all, He surely knoweth best;
Oh if no other, know the perfect rest
Of yielding to His will.

Perchance — He knows — canst thou not trust His love?

For no expectant eyes
Of something other, full of wild desire
Can watch the burning of the altar fire
Of daily sacrifice.

ANNA C. BRACKETT.

CALL ON US.

WHEN the enemy is near thee,
Call on us!
In our hands we will upbear thee,
He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,
He shall fly thee, and shall fear thee.
Call on us!
Call when all good friends have left thee,
Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee;
Call when hope and heart are sinking,
And the brain is sick with thinking,
Help, O help!
Call, and following close behind thee

There shall haste, and there shall find thee,

Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,
When necessity seems on thee,
Hope and choice have all foregone thee,
Fate and force are closing o'er thee,
And but one way stands before thee—

Call on us!
O, and if thou dost not call,
Be but faithful, that is all.
Go right on, and close behind thee
There shall follow still and find thee,
Help, sure help.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, 1849

"WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS, NEITHER SHADOW OF TURNING."

T fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

TRANQUILLITY.

O FEVERED eyes, with searching strained Till both the parching globes are pained, At set of sun is balm for you:

Look up, and bathe them in the blue.

No need to count the coming stars, Nor watch those wimpled pearly bars That flush above the west; but follow In idler mood the idle swallow, With careless, half-unconscious eye, Round his great circles on the sky, Till he, and all things, lose for you Their being in that depth of blue.

O fevered brain, with searching strained
Till every pulsing nerve is pained,
In tranquil hours is balm for you:
Vex not the thoughts with false and true;
Be still and bathe them in the blue.
To every sad conviction throw
This grim defiance: "Be it so!"
To doubts that will not let you sleep,
This answer: "Wait! the truth will keep.

Weary, and marred with care and pain And bruising days, the human brain Draws wounded inward, —it might be Some delicate creature of the sea, That, shuddering, shrinks its lucent dome, And coils its azure tendrils home, And folds its filmy curtains tight, At jarring contact, e'er so light. But let it float away all free, And feel the buoyant, supple sea

S

Among its tinted streamers swell, Again it spreads its gauzy rings, And, waving its wan fringes, swings With rhythmic pulse its crystal bell.

Think out, float out away from where The pressure of the trembling air Keeps down to earth the shrunken mind. Set free the smothered thought, and find, Beyond our world, a vaster place To thrill and vibrate out through space, -As some auroral banner streams Up through the night in widening gleams, And floats and flashes o'er our dreams; There let the whirling planet fall Down - down, till but a vanishing ball, A misty gleam: and dwindled so. Thyself, thy world, no trace can show: Too small to have a care or woe Or wish, apart from that one Will That doth His worlds with music fill.

IN A LECTURE-ROOM.

AWAY, haunt thou not me, Thou vain Philosophy! Little hast thou bestead, Save to perplex the head, And leave the spirit dead. Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skiey shower,
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once, and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH, 1840.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

LISTENING FOR GOD.

I HEAR it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where is the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

O, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A spirit-sky, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?
And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God himself,
The Father, dwells unseen?

O God within, so close to me That every thought is plain, Be judge, be friend, be Father still, And in thy heaven reign! Thy heaven is mine, — my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
They ever seem to say—"My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way."

THE PRAYER.

WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
And every blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture
drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Lends but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need Thy love,

More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;

Come, gently as Thy holy dove;

And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them,

When Thy storms come, though fierce may be their wrath;

But bow with leafy stem,

And strengthened follow on Thy chosen path.

Yes Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
My spirit loves with Thine in peace to dwell.

JONES VERY

WHOM BUT THEE.

From the deep shadow of foreseen distress—
And from the nameless weariness that grows
As life's long day seems wearing to its close—

Thou Life within my life, than self more near!

Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear!

From all illusive shows of sense I flee

To find my centre and my rest in Thee.

Below all depths Thy saving mercy lies,
Through thickest glooms I see Thy light arise,
Above the highest heavens Thou art not found
More surely than within this earthly round.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise
And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies!
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares!

How can I call Thee who art always here —

How shall I praise Thee who art still most dear —

What may I give Thee save what Thou hast given —

And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven?

ELIZA SCUDDER

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

ONLY Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see
and feel,

But whom the hours of mortal moral strife Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought, Thy presence owns ineffable, divine; Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought, My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind. Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart; Nor seek to see — for what of earthly kind. Can see Thee as Thou art? —

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold,
In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
In ways unworthy Thee;

O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive, In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare; And if in work its life it seem to live, Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies, Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,

And, scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
In recognition start.

But, as Thou willest, give or e'en forbear The beatific supersensual sight, So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer Approach Thee morn and night.

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH.

FOR DIVINE STRENGTH.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love; For we are weak and need some deep revealing Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,

And thou hast made each step an onward one; And we will ever trust each unknown morrow—

Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father — now, in thy dear presence kneeling, Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love; Now make us strong — we need thy deep revealing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

A BIRTH-DAY PRAYER.

ART Thou the Life?
To Thee, then, do I owe each beat and breath,
And wait Thy ordering of the hour of death,
In peace or strife.

Art Thou the Light?
To Thee, then, in the sunshine or the cloud,
Or in my chamber lone or in the crowd,
I lift my sight.

Art Thou the Truth?

To Thee, then, loved and craved and sought of yore,
I consecrate my manhood o'er and o'er,
As once my youth.

Art Thou the Strong?
To Thee, then, though the air is thick with night,
I trust the seeming-unprotected Right,
And leave the Wrong.

Art Thou the Wise?
To Thee, then, do I bring each useless care,
And bid my soul unsay her idle prayer,
And hush her cries.

Art Thou the Good?
To Thee, then, with a thirsting heart I turn,
And stand, and at Thy fountain hold my arn
As aye I stood.

Forgive the call!
I cannot shut Thee from my sense or soul,
I cannot lose me in the boundless whole,
For Thou art All!

FRANCIS E. ABBUT

PRAYER.

A T first I prayed for sight;
Could I but see the way,
How gladly would I walk
To everlasting day.
I asked the world's deep love,
Before my eyes to ope,
And let me see my prayers fulfilled,
And realized, my hope;
But God was kinder than my prayer,
And mystery veiled me, everywhere.

And next, I prayed for strength,
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering pace,
To Heaven's serene abode.
That I might never know
A faltering, failing heart;
But manfully go on,
And reach the highest part.
But God was kinder than my prayer,
And weakness checked me everywhere.

And then, I asked for faith;
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live in heavenly peace,
Though foes were all abroad.
His light, thus shining round,
No faltering should I know;
And faith in heaven above
Would make a heaven below;
But God was kinder than my prayer,
And doubts beset me everywhere.

And now I pray for love,
Deep love to God and man;
A love that will not fail,
However dark His plan.
That sees all life in Him,
Rejoicing in His power;
And faithful, though the darkest clouds
Of gloom and doubt may lower.
And God was kinder than my prayer,
Love filled, and blessed me, everywhere.

EDNAH D. CHENBY

FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

In calm and cool and silence, once again
I find my old accustomed place among
My brethren, where, perchance, no human tongue
Shall utter words; where never hymn is sung,
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,

Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane! There, syllabled by silence, let me hear The still small voice which reached the prophet's ear: Read in my heart a still diviner law Than Israel's leader on his tables saw! There let me strive with each besetting sin. Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain The sore disquiet of a restless brain; And, as the path of duty is made plain, May grace be given that I may walk therein, Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain, With backward glances and reluctant tread, Making a merit of his coward dread. -But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown, Walking as one to pleasant service led; Doing God's will as if it were my own, Yet trusting not in mine, but in his strength alone!

J. G. WHITTIER

"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"

I CANNOT find Thee! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy Light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee! Even when most adoring Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer; Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring, From furthest quest comes back; Thou art not there. Yet high above the limits of my seeing, And folded far within the inmost heart, And deep below the deeps of conscious being, Thy splendor shineth; there, O God, Thou art.

I cannot lose Thee! Still in Thee abiding
The End is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The Law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER

TRUST AND PEACE.

LOOKING UNTO GOD.

"God's hand in all things, and all things in God's hand.

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again:
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love, Held in Thy law, I stand; Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turnest my mourning into praise.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

GRATEFULNESSE.

THOU that hast given so much to me, Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.

Not thankfull, when it pleaseth me,
As if thy blessings had spare dayes:
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE SON.

RATHER, I wait Thy word. The sun doth stand Beneath the mingling line of night and day, A listening servant, waiting Thy command To roll rejoicing on its silent way; The tongue of time abides the appointed hour, Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall; The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower, Then every drop speeds downward at Thy call;

The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
With breast unswollen by the tide of song;
So does my spirit wait Thy presence now
To pour Thy praise in quickening life along,
Chiding with voice divine man's lengthened sleep,
While round the Unuttered Word and Love their
vigils keep.

JONES VERY

ALL'S WELL.

PROPHETIC Hope, thy fine discourse
Foretold not half life's good to me;
Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force
To show how sweet it is to be!
Thy witching dream
And pictured scheme
To match the fact still want the power;
Thy promise brave
From birth to grave
Life's boon may beggar in an hour.

Ask and receive, — 'tis sweetly said;
Yet what to plead for know I not;
For Wish is worsted, Hope o'ersped,
And aye to thanks returns my thought
If I would pray,
I've naught to say
But this, that God may be God still,
For Him to live
Is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish His will.

O wealth of life beyond all bound!
Eternity each moment given!
What plummet may the Present sound?
Who promises a future heaven?

Or glad, or grieved, Oppressed, relieved,

In blackest night, or brightest day,
Still pours the flood
Of golden good,

And more than heartfull fills me aye.

My wealth is common; I possess
No petty province, but the whole;
What's mine alone is mine far less
Than treasure shared by every soul.

Talk not of store,
Millions or more,—

Of values which the purse may hold, —
But this divine!
I own the mine

Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.

I have a stake in every star,
In every beam that fills the day;
All hearts of men my coffers are,
My ores arterial tides convey;

The fields, the skies, The sweet replies

Of thought to thought are my gold-dust, —

The oaks, the brooks, And speaking looks

Of lovers' faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow
For him who lives above all years,
Who all-immortal makes the Now,
And is not ta'en in Time's arrears;
His life's a hymn
The seraphim
Might hark to hear or help to sing,
And to his soul
The boundless whole
Its bounty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith;

"The wealth I am, must thou become;
Richer and richer, breath by breath,—
Immortal gain, immortal room!"

And since all his

Mine also is,
Life's gift outruns my fancies far,

And drowns the dream

In larger stream,
As morning drinks the morning-star.

DAVID A. WASSON, 1856

BLEST BE THY LOVE.

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our souls' chief hope!
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,

To Thee we both resign;

By night we see, as well as day,

If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

JOHN AUSTIN, 1668

SACRED JOY.

O TELL me whence that joy doth spring,
Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears heaven like a bridal ring,
And tramples on doubts and despair?

Sure, holyness the magnet is,
And love the lure that woos thee down;
Which makes the high transcendent bliss
Of knowing thee, so rarely known!

HENRY VAUGHAN

THE SECRET OF CONTENT.

BE thou content; be still before
His face, at whose right hand doth reign
Fulness of joy for evermore,
Without whom all thy toil is vain.
He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose rays
Make glad with life and light thy dreary days.
Be thou content.

In Him is comfort, light, and grace,
And changeless love beyond our thought;
The sorest pang, the worst disgrace,
If He is there, shall harm thee not.
He can lift off thy cross, and loose thy bands,
And calm thy fears, nay, death is in His hands.
Be thou content.

Or art thou friendless and alone,
Hast none in whom thou canst confide?
God careth for thee, lonely one,
Comfort and help will He provide.
He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief,
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief;
Be thou content.

Thy heart's unspoken pain He knows,
Thy secret sighs He hears full well,
What to none else thou darest disclose,
To Him thou mayest with boldness tell;

He is not far away, but ever nigh, And answereth willingly the poor man's cry. Be thou content.

Be not o'ermastered by thy pain,
But cling to God, thou shalt not fall;
The floods sweep over thee in vain,
Thou yet shalt rise above them all;
For when thy trial seems too hard to bear,
Lo! God, thy King, hath granted all thy prayer.
Be thou content.

Why art thou full of anxious fear

How thou shalt be sustained and fed?

He who hath made and placed thee here,

Will give thee needful daily bread;

Canst thou not trust His rich and bounteous hand,

Who feeds all living things on sea and land?

Be thou content.

He who doth teach the little birds

To find their meat in field and wood,
Who gives the countless flocks and herds
Each day, their needful drink and food,
Thy hunger too will surely satisfy,
And all thy wants in His good time supply.

Be thou content.

Sayst thou, I know not how or where,
No help I see where'er I turn;
When of all else we most despair,
The riches of God's love we learn;

When thou and I His hand no longer trace, He leads us forth into a pleasant place.

Be thou content.

Though long His promised aid delay,
At last it will be surely sent:
Though thy heart sink in sore dismay,
The trial for thy good is meant.
What we have won with pains we hold more fast,
What tarrieth long is sweeter at the last.

Be thou content.

Lay not to heart whate'er of ill

Thy foes may falsely speak of thee,

Let man defame thee as he will,

God hears, and judges righteously.

Why shouldst thou fear, if God be on thy side,

Man's cruel anger, or malicious pride?

Be thou content.

We know for us a rest remains,
When God will give us sweet release
From earth and all our mortal chains,
And turn our sufferings into peace.
Sooner or later death will surely come
To end our sorrows, and to take us home.
Be thou content.

Home to the chosen ones, who here Served their Lord faithfully and well, Who died in peace, without a fear, And there in peace for ever dwell; The Everlasting is their joy and stay,
The Eternal Word Himself to them doth say,
Be thou content.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1670

AT SEA.

THE night is made for cooling shade,
For silence, and for sleep;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep:
Childlike as then, I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels:
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and cramp,
With every shock she feels,
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hingéd socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!
O promise of my soul!—
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I own, with love and tender awe,
Yon perfect type of faith and law!

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light:
The ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant: I cross my palms,
Happy as if, to-night,
Under the cottage-roof, again
I heard the soothing summer-rain.

J. T TROWPRIDGE

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land, To harvest weed and tare; The manna dropping from God's hand Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, — I lay Aside the toiling oar; The angel sought so far away I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play Among the ripening corn, Nor freshness of the flowers of May Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringéd lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word Rebuke an age of wrong; The graven flowers that wreathe the sword Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal, —
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a covered way,
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of life Seem blending in a psalm, And all the angles of its strife Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

UNSEEN.

How do the rivulets find their way? How do the flowers know the day, And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach, And the nestlings know the old bird's speech; I do not see who is there to teach.

I see the hare from the danger hide, And the stars through the pathless spaces ride; I do not see that they have a guide.

He is Eyes for All who is eyes for the mole; All motion goes to the rightful goal; O God! I can trust for the human soul.

CHARLES G. AMES

BY THE AMMONOOSUC, 1862.

FROM "THE MEETING."

SO sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.

The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer:—
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt,
A great compassion clasps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;
With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One true Life its own renew.

J. G. WHITTIER

"The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him."—LAM. iii. 24.

MY heart is resting, O my God,—
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill—
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life, And here all day they rise — I seek the treasure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies. And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known—
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own.
There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest—
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be poor is best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love,
That waits all day on Thee,
With the service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see —
The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

ANNA L WARING

SEEN AND UNSEEN.

THE wind ahead, the billows high, A whited wave, but sable sky, And many a league of tossing sea Between the hearts I love and me. The wind ahead! day after day
These weary words the sailors say;
To weeks the days are lengthened now,—
Still mounts the surge to meet our prow.

Through .onging day and lingering night, I still accuse Time's lagging flight, Or gaze out o'er the envious sea, That keeps the hearts I love from me.

Yet, ah! how shallow is all grief! How instant is the deep relief! And what a hypocrite am I, To feign forlorn, to 'plain and sigh!

The wind ahead? The wind is free! For evermore it favoreth me, —
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.

This surging brine *I* do not sail; This blast adverse is not my gale; 'Tis here I only seem to be, But really sail another sea,—

Another sea, pure sky its waves, Whose beauty hides no heaving graves; A sea all haven, whereupon No helpless bark to wreck hath gone.

The winds that o'er my ocean run Reach through all worlds beyond the sun; Through life and death, through fate, through time, Grand breaths of God they sweep sublime. Eternal trades, they cannot veer, And, blowing, teach us how to steer; And well for him whose joy, whose care, Is but to keep before them fair.

O thou God's mariner, heart of mine! Spread canvas to the airs divine! Spread sail! and let thy Fortune be Forgotten in thy Destiny.

For Destiny pursues us well, By sea, by land, through heaven or hell; It suffers Death alone to die, Bids Life all change and chance defy.

Would earth's dark ocean suck thee down? Earth's ocean thou, O Life! shalt drown; Shalt flood it with thy finer wave, And, sepulchred, entomb thy grave!

Life loveth life and good; then trust What most the spirit would, it must; Deep wishes, in the heart that be, Are blossoms of Necessity.

A thread of Law runs through thy prayer, Stronger than iron cables are; And Love and Longing toward her goal Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

So Life must live, and Soul must sail, And Unseen over Seen prevail; And all God's argosies come to shore, Let ocean smile, or rage or roar. And so, 'mid storm or calm, my batk With snowy wake still nears her mark; Cheerly the trades of being blow, And sweeping down the wind I go.

DAVID A. WASSON

LETTERS.

EVERY day brings a ship, Every ship brings a word: Well for those who have no fear, Looking seaward well assured That the word the vessel brings Is the word they wish to hear.

R. W. IMERSON

HIDDEN LIFE.

SINCE Eden, it keeps the secret!
Not a flower beside it knows
To distil from the day the fragrance
And beauty that flood the rose.

Silently speeds the secret

From the loving eye of the sun
To the willing heart of the flower:

The life of the twain is one.

Folded within my being,
A wonder to me is taught,
Too deep for curious seeing,
Or fathom of sounding thought.

Of all sweet mysteries holiest!
Faded are rose and sun!
The Highest hides in the lowliest:
My Father and I are one.

CHARLES G. AMES, 1864.

THE SECRET PLACE OF THE MOST HIGH.

THE Lord is in His Holy Place,
In all things near and far,
Shekinah of the snow-flake, He,
And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April-land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold Him through the hours.

He hides Himself within the love
Of those that we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by Him possessed.
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought;
We find Him not by seeking long,
We lose Him not unsought.

So, though we build a Holy Place To be our Sinai-stand, The Holiest of Holies still Is never made by hand. Our Sinai needs the listening ear,
Our Garden needs the vow:
"Thy will be done"—and lo! Thy voice,
Thy vision as we bow!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

RECONCILED.

O YEARS, gone down into the past;
What pleasant memories come to me,
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours almost of ecstasy!

Yet would I have no moon stand still, Where life's most pleasant valleys lie; Nor wheel the planet of the day Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died, My youth itself went with them, too; To-day, ay! even this very hour, Is the best time I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me More blessings than in days gone by; Dropping in my uplifted hands All things for which I blindly cry:

But that His plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim;
And, where I cannot understand,
I trust the issues unto Him.

And, spite of many broken dreams,
This have I truly learned to say,—
The prayers, I thought unanswered once,
Were answered in God's own best way.

And though some dearly cherished hopes
Perished untimely ere their birth,
Yet have I been beloved and blessed
Beyond the measure of my worth.

And sometimes in my hours of grief
For moments I have come to stand
Where, in the sorrows on me laid,
I felt a loving Father's hand.

And I have learned, the weakest ones
Are kept securest from life's harms;
And that the tender lambs alone
Are carried in the shepherd's arms—

And, sitting by the way-side blind,

He is the nearest to the light,

Who crieth out most earnestly,

"Lord, that I might receive my sight!"

O feet, grown weary as ye walk,
Where down life's hill my pathway lies,
What care I, while my soul can mount,
As the young eagle mounts the skies!

O eyes, with weeping faded out,
What matters it how dim ye be?
My inner vision sweeps untired
The reaches of eternity!

O death, most dreaded power of all, When the last moment comes, and thou Darkenest the windows of my soul, Through which I look on Nature now;

Yea, when mortality dissolves,
Shall I not meet thine hour unawed?
My house eternal in the heavens
Is lighted by the smile of God!

PHŒBE CARY.

A SONG OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon Thy tender breast;

As tired of sin as any child Was ever tired of play, When evening's hush has folded in The noises of the day;

When just for very weariness
The little one will creep
Into the arms that have no joy
Like holding him in sleep;

And looking upward to Thy face, So gentle, sweet, and strong, In all its looks for those who love, So pitiful of wrong, I pray Thee turn me not away,
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest every thing I need
And all my need of Thee.

And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That Thou shouldst seek me with Thy love,
Since Thou dost seek alway?

And dost not even wait until I urge my steps to Thee; But in the darkness of my life Art coming still to me.

I pray not, then, because I would;
I pray because I must;
There is no meaning in my prayer
But thankfulness and trust.

I would not have Thee otherwise
Than what Thou ever art;
Be still Thyself, and then I know
We cannot live apart.

But still Thy love will beckon me
And still Thy strength will come,
In many ways, to bear me up
And bring me to my home.

And Thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray;

As if Thou wert not always good, As if Thy loving care Could ever miss me in the midst Of this Thy temple fair.

For, if I ever doubted Thee, How could I any more! This very night my tossing bark Has reached the happy shore;

And still, for all my sighs, my heart
Has sung itself to rest,
O Love Divine, most far and near,
Upon Thy tender breast.

JOHN W. CHADWICK

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

A H, me! we doubt the shining skies
Seen through our shadows of offence,
And drown with our poor childish cries
The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,
And of the just effect complain;
We tread upon life's broken laws,
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain;

We turn us from the light, and find
Our spectral shapes before us thrown,
As they who leave the sun behind
Walk in the shadows of themselves alone

Oh, Love Divine! — whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leavest us because we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st, Wide as our needs thy favors fall; The white wings of the Holy Ghost Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

CHEARFULNESS.

ORD, with what courage and delight
I doe each thing,
When thy least breath sustaines my wing!
I shine and move
Like those above,
And, with much gladnesse
Quitting sadnesse,
Make me faire dayes of every night.

HENRY VAUGITAR

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us, safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

But not alone Thy care we claim, Our wayward steps to win: We know Thee by a dearer name, O Love of God within!

And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

I SEE the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin:

Yet, in the maddening maze of things, And tossed by storm and flood, To one fixed stake my spirit clings; I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim And seraphs may not see, But nothing can be good in Him Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate, — I know His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath Of marvel or surprise, Assured alone that life and death His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruiséd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have, Nor works my faith to prove: I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

HYMN FOR THE MOTHER.

MY child is lying on my knees;
The signs of heaven she reads;
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.

And she is well, yea, bathed in bliss, If heaven is in my face, — Behind it is all tenderness
And truthfulness and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly,
Unchanged in changing mood;
My life would go without a sigh
To bring her something good.

I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak;

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The Infinite of God.

If true to her, though troubled sore,
I cannot choose but be,
Thou who art peace for evermore,
Art very true to me.

If I am low and sinful, bring
More love where need is rife;
Thou knowest what an awful thing
It is to be a life.

Hast Thou not wisdom to enwrap My waywardness about, In doubting safety on the lap Of Love that knows no doubt?

Lo! Lord, I sit in Thy wide space, My child upon my knee; She looketh up unto my face, And I look up to Thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD

THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And, every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

know not what it is to doubt,
 My heart is ever gay;
 run no risk, for, come what will,
 Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change From grief can set me free, Hope finds its strength in helplessness, And gaily waits on thee.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will!

F. W. FABER.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

LIII.

O, YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not any thing;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, — far off, — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED TENNYSON

COMPENSATION.

TEARS wash away the atoms in the eye
That smarted for a day:
Rain-clouds that spoiled the splendors of the sky
The fields with flowers array.

No chamber of pain but has some hidden door
That promises release:
No solitude so drear but yields its store
Of thought and inward peace.

No night so wild but brings the constant sun With love and power untold:

No time so dark but through its woof there run Some blessed threads of gold.

And through the long and storm-tost centuries burn, In changing calm and strife,

The Pharos-lights of truth, where'er we turn—
The unquenched lamps of life.

O Love supreme — O Providence divine! What self-adjusting springs

Of law and life — what even scales are thine: What sure-returning wings

Of hopes and joys that flit like birds away
When chilling autumn blows,

But come again, long ere the buds of May Their rosy lips unclose!

What wondrous play of mood and accident, Through shifting days and years!

What fresh returns of vigor over-spent In feverish dreams and fears!

What wholesome air of conscience and of thought, When doubts and forms oppress:

What vistas opening to the gates we sought Beyond the wilderness —

Beyond the narrow cells where, self-involved, Like chrysalids we wait

The unknown births, the mysteries unsolved Of death and change and fate! O Light Divine! we need no fuller test That all is ordered well.

We know enough to trust that all is best Where Love and Wisdom dwell.

C. P. CRANCH

SUBMISSION.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy water-spouts: all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command His loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night His song shal be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

PSALM xlii. 7, 8.

GO not far from me, O my Strength, Whom all my times obey;
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away,—
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress:
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less;
O, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

Thy love has many a lighted path,
No outward eye can trace,
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength,
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be —
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see;
And, oh, it is not hard to bear,
What must be borne in Thee.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore—
Borne onward—sin and death behind,
And love and life before—
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,
And praise Thee more and more!

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say —
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away;
And let the storm that speeds me home,
Deal with me as it may.

ANNA L. WARING

JOY AFTER SORROW.

OMETH sunshine after rain,
After mourning, joy again,
After heavy bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief;
And my soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

None was ever left a prey,
None was ever turned away,
Who had given himself to God,
And on Him had cast his load.
Who in God his hope hath placed
Shall not life in pain outwaste,
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still,
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun;
As God willeth, march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
When whate'er we asked is ours.

Every sorrow, every smart, That the Eternal Father's heart Hath appointed me of yore, Or hath yet for me in store, As my life flows on, I'll take Calmly, gladly, for His sake, No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en Death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave;
Whom the Strongest doth defend,
Whom the Highest counts His friend,
Cannot perish in the end.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1606-1676

"I, even I, am He that comforteth you." - ISA. ii. 12.

SWEET is the solace of Thy love, My Heavenly Friend, to me, While through the hidden way of faith I journey home with Thee, Learning by quiet thankfulness As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace
My feet would often stray,
Thy mercy follows all my steps,
And will not turn away;
Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beneath Thee may.

Oft in a dark and lonely place,
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith:
And feel my safety in Thy hand
From every kind of death.

O there is nothing in the world
To weigh against Thy will;
Even the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil;
And when the pleasant morning dawns
I find Thee with me still.

Then in the secret of my soul,
Though hosts my peace invade,
Though through a waste and weary land
My lonely way be made,
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me—
I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of Thy love
My heart is satisfied;
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at Thy side.

ANNA L. WARING

SONNET.

MOURNER, that dost deserve thy mournfulness, Call thyself punished, call the earth thy hell; Say, "God is angry, and I earned it well; I would not have Him smile and not redress." Say this, and straightway all thy grief grows less. "God rules at least, I find, as prophets tell, And proves it in this prison." Straight thy cell Smiles with an unsuspected loveliness.

—"A prison,—and yet from door and window-bar I catch a thousand breaths of His sweet air; Even to me, His days and nights are fair; He shows me many a flower, and many a star; And though I mourn, and He is very far, He does not kill the hope that reaches there."

Anon. From "Adela Cathcars

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

Written during ten years' imprisonment in the Bastille.

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee!

Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,

A heart to love and bless;

And though my notes were e'er so rude,

Thou wouldst not hear the less;

Because Thou knowest, as they fall,

That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

O, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom, of the mind.

MADAME GUYON, 1648-1717

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ASK not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away—
O! sweet, fond dream of human Love!
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,

I make my humble wishes known—
I only ask a will resigned,

O Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe, A miracle our Life and Death; A mystery which I cannot pierce. Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan;
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man!

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day.

JOHN G. WHITTIES

RABIA.*

ROUND holy Rabia's suffering bed
The wise men gathered, gazing gravely –
"Daughter of God!" the youngest said,
"Endure thy Father's chastening bravely;
They who have steeped their souls in prayer

They who have steeped their souls in prayer, Can every anguish calmly bear."

She answered not, and turned aside,
Though not reproachfully nor sadly;
"Daughter of God!" the eldest cried,
"Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly;
They who have learned to pray aright,
From pain's dark well draw up delight."

Then spake she out, — "Your words are fair; But, oh, the truth lies deeper still;

A holy Arabian woman, who lived in the second century of the Hegira.

I know not, when absorbed in prayer, Pleasure or pain, or good or ill; They who God's face can understand, Feel not the workings of His hand."

From "Palm Leaves," by LORD HOUGHTON

MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING

I BLESS Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent To break my dream of human power; For now my shallow cistern's spent, I find Thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take Thy hand, and fears grow still; Behold Thy face, and doubts remove; Who would not yield his wavering will To perfect Truth, and boundless Love?

That Love this restless soul doth teach The strength of Thine eternal calm; And tune its sad and broken speech, To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

O be it patient in Thy hands, And drawn, through each mysterious hour, To service of Thy pure commands, The narrow way to Love and Power!

SAMUEL JOHNSON

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

WHEN sorrow all our heart would ask,
We need not shun our daily task,
And hide ourselves for calm;
The herbs we seek to heal our woe
Familiar by our pathway grow,
Our common air is balm.

JOHN KEBLE

REST.

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head, That only asks to rest, Unquestioning, upon A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done, And this is all my part; I give a patient God My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

ANON

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE.

SINCE in a land not barren still,
Because thou dost thy grace distill,
My lot is fallen, blest be thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill Some tares in me which choke or spill That seed thou sow'st, blest be thy skill!

Blest be thy dew, and blest thy frost, And happy I to be so crost, And cured by crosses at thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distrest, The frosts ill weeds nip and molest, In both thou work'st unto the best.

Thus, while thy several mercies plot, And work on me now cold, now hot, The work goes on, and slacketh not; For as thy hand the weather steers, So thrive I best 'twixt joyes and tears, And all the year have some green ears.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1521-1695

PEACE IN TROUBLE.

WHAT within me and without,
Hourly on my spirit weighs,
Burdening heart and soul with doubt,
Darkening all my weary days:
In it I behold Thy will,
God, who givest rest and peace,
And my heart is calm and still,
Waiting till Thou send release.

When my trials tarry long,
Unto Thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my faith in Thee abate.
O my soul, why art thou vexed?
Let things go e'en as they will;
Though to thee they seem perplexed,
Yet His order they fulfil.

Yea, on Thee, my God, I rest,
Letting life float calmly on,
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won.

In Thy might all things I bear, In Thy love find bitter sweet, And, with all my grief and care, Sit in patience at Thy feet.

Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to Thee;
In the peace Thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally.
Be my All; in all I do
Let me only seek Thy will;
Where the heart to Thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

A. H. FRANCKE, 1663-1727

REST.

I'T was Thy will, my Father,
That laid Thy servant low;
It was Thy hand, my Father,
That dealt the chastening blow;
It was Thy mercy bid me rest
My weary soul awhile,
And every blessing I receive
Reflects Thy gracious smile.

It is Thy care, my Father,
That cherishes me now;
It is Thy peace, my Father,
That rests upon my brow;

It is Thy truth, Thy truth alone,
That gives my spirit rest,
And soothes me like a happy child
Upon its mother's breast.

I have known youth, my Father,
Bright as a summer's day,
And earthly love, my Father,
But that too passed away;
Now life's small taper faintly burns,
A little flickering flame,
But Thine eternal love remains
Unchangeably the same.

EUPHRMIA SAXBY.

HYMN FOR SICKNESS.

GOD! whom I as love have known,
Thou hast sickness laid on me,
And these pains are sent of Thee,
Under which I burn and moan;
All that plagues my body now,
All that wasteth me away,
Pressing on me night and day,
Love ordains, for Love art Thou!

Suffering is the work now sent; Nothing can I do but lie Suffering as the hours go by; All my powers to this are bent. Suffering is my gain; I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it hushed and still;
Suffering is my worship now.

Let my soul beneath her load
Faint not, through the o'erwearied flesh;
Let her hourly drink afresh
Love and peace from Thee, my God.
Let the body's pain and smart
Hinder not her flight to Thee,
Nor the calm Thou givest me;
Keep Thou up the sinking heart.

Grant me never to complain,

Make me to Thy will resigned,
With a quiet, humble mind,
Cheerful on my bed of pain.
Wholly Thine — my faith is sure,
Whether life or death be mine,
I am safe if I am Thine;
For 'tis Love that makes me pure.

RICHTER, 1713

THE BORDER-LANDS.

FATHER, into Thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these Border-Lands,
Until Thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life, an earlier death;
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These Border-Lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades;
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life's long evening fades.

I hear them spoken of with dread, As fearful and unquiet places; Shades, where the living and the dead Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here, And I have seen the Border-Land; Seen the dark river flowing near, Stood on its brink, as now I stand;

There has been nothing to alarm

My trembling soul; how could I fear
While thus encircled with Thine arm?

I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer Thee?
When I may almost see Thy face—
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.

EUPHEMIA SAXBY.

STARLIGHT.

DARKLING, methinks, the path of life is grown,
And Solitude and Sorrow close around;
My fellow-travellers one by one are gone,
Their home is reached, but mine must still be found.
The sun that set as the last bowed his head
To cross the threshold of his resting-place,
Has left the world devoid of all that made
Its business, pleasure, happiness, and grace.
But I have still the desert path to trace;
Not with the day has my day's work an end;
And winds and shadows through the cold air chase,
And earth looks dark where walked we, friend with
friend.

And yet thus wildered, not without a guide,

I wander on amid the shades of night;

My home-fires gleam, methinks, and round them glide

My friends at peace, far off, but still in sight;

For through the closing gloom mine eyesight goes

Further in heaven than when the day was bright;

And there, as Earth still dark and darker grows,

Shines out, for every shade, a world of light.

MRS. ARCHER CLIVE

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

PRAYER AND THE DEAD.

THEY passed away from sight and hand,
A slow, successive train:
To memory's heart, a gathered band,
Our lost ones come again.

Not back to earth, a second time
The mortal path to tread:
They walk in their appointed clime,
The dead, but not the dead.

Their spirits up to God we gave, With eyes as wet as dim; Confiding in His power to save, For all do live to Him.

Beyond all we can know or think,
Beyond the earth and sky,
Beyond Time's lone and dreaded brink,
Their deathless dwellings lie.

Dear thoughts that once our union made,
Death does not disallow:
We prayed for them while here they stayed,
And what shall hinder now?

Our Father! give them perfect day, And portions with the blest; Oh, pity, if they went astray, And pardon for the best!

As they may need, still deign to bring
The helping of thy grace,
The shadow of thy guardian wing,
Or shining of thy face.

For all their sorrows here below, Be boundless joy and peace; For all their love, a heavenly glow That nevermore shall cease.

O Lord of Souls! when ours shall part,
To try the farther birth,
Let Faith go journeying with the heart
To those we loved on earth.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

XCII.

HOW pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast, Imaginations calm and fair, The memory like a cloudless air, The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates
And hear the household jar within.

ALFRED TENNYSON

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

THOU that art strong to comfort, look on me!
I sit in darkness, and behold no light!
Over my heart the waves of agony
Have gone, and left me faint! Forbear to smite
A bruised and broken reed! Sustain, sustain,
Divinest Comforter, to Thee I fly;
Let me not fly in vain!
Support me with Thy love, or else I die!
Whate'er I had was Thine!
A God of mercy Thou hast ever been;
Assist me to resign,
And if I murmur, count it not for sin!

How rich I was, I dare not — dare not think; How poor I am, Thou knowest, who can see Into my soul's unfathomed misery; Forgive me if I shrink! Forgive me if I shed these human tears, That it so hard appears

To yield my will to Thine, forgive, forgive! Father, it is a bitter cup to drink!

My soul is strengthened! it shall bear My lot, whatever it may be; And from the depths of my despair, I will look up and trust in Thee!

MARY HOWITT.

TO A FRIEND.

SAD soul, whom God, resuming what He gave, Medicines with bitter anguish of the tomb, Cease to oppress the portals of the grave, And strain thy aching sight across the gloom. The surged Atlantic's winter-beaten wave Shall sooner pierce the purpose of the wind Than thy storm-tost and heavy-swelling mind Grasp the full import of His means to save. Through the dark night lie still; God's faithful grace Lies hid, like morning, underneath the sea. Let thy slow hours roll, like these weary stars, Down to the level ocean patiently; Till His loved hand shall touch the Eastern bars, And His full glory shine upon thy face.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOR

Addressed to a Friend, after the Loss of a Child.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled,
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep Her little spirit's swift remove, The story of the Alpine sheep Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But nought can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie, —

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair, More dewy-soft than lowland mead, The shepherd drops his tender care, And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night, Would all my happy senses sway, Of the good Shepherd on the height, Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,—
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

MARIA LOWELL

THE CHILD'S PICTURE.

(WHAT IT SUNG TO A SORE HEART.)

LITTLE face, so sweet, so fair,
Pure as a star,
Through the wilderness of air
Twinkling afar!

With what melody divine,
Sweet as a psalm,
Sing those innocent eyes to mine
Out of their calm!

And what echoing chords in me Wake from their sleep, God in me to God in thee, Deep unto deep!

Ah, my pain is not yet old; Aching I list, And thy loveliness behold Dim through a mist.

Thoughts unbid my spirit stir;
Fresh in her charms
Comes my tiny wanderer
Back to my arms—

Comes my little truant dove, Seeking for rest, Tired of airy wastes above, Home to her nest—

Comes in her own nest to stay, Joy in her eyes; But the vision fades away Into the skies.

Little face, so pure that art, Dreamy and fair, Sings thy beauty to my heart Hope or despair?

Is there meaning in thy song,
Sweet as a bird's?
Shall my fear or faith grow strong?
Hast thou no words?

Canst thou mock my spirit so,
Giving no sign?
Ah, thou singest clear and low—
"I am not thine!"

Nay, the beauty that was *mine*Sleeps 'neath the sods.
Softly floats thy lay divine —
"Beauty is God's!"

Melts for aye the beautiful flake, Child of the sky, On the bosom of the lake — "Spirit am I!" Out of longing, loss, and pain, Is there no gate? Shall I clasp my own again? "Silently wait!"

Little face, I list with awe;
Though the storms come,
Law is love, and love is law—
Let me be dumb!

FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

DIRGE.

K NOWS he who tills this lonely field,
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon,

The plain was full of ghosts;
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone, — the holy ones
Who trod with me this lovely vale;
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,
Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learned with me the lore of time,
Who loved this dwelling-place!

They took this valley for their toy,
They played with it in every mood;
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy, —
They treated nature as they would.

They colored the horizon round;
Stars flamed and faded as they bade;
All echoes hearkened for their sound, —
They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf,
Which once our childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine-warbler Singing aloft in the tree! Hearest thou, O traveller, What he singeth to me?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear With sorrow such as mine, Out of that delicate lay could'st thou Its heavy tale divine. "Go, lonely man," it saith;

"They loved thee from their birth;

Their hands were pure, and pure their faith, —

There are no such hearts on earth.

"Ye drew one mother's milk, One chamber held ye all; A very tender history Did in your childhood fall.

"You cannot unlock your heart,
The key is gone with them;
The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem."

R. W. EMERSON

GONE.

A NOTHER hand is beckoning us, Another call is given; And glows once more with angel-steps The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile Made brighter summer hours, Amid the frosts of autumn time, Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom Forewarned us of decay; No shadow from the Silent Land Fell round our sister's way. The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star —
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not The changing of her sphere, To give to Heaven a Shining One, Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,

To which our hearts could move;

The breathing of an inward psalm;

A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer, And by the hearth-fire's light; We pause beside her door to hear Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father! in Thine arms, And let her henceforth be A messenger of love between Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

J. G WHISTIER

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

SHE stood outside the gate of heaven, and saw them entering in,

A world-long train of shining ones, all washed in blood from sin.

The hero-martyr in that blaze uplifted his strong eye, And trod firm the re-conquered soil of his nativity!

And he who had despised his life, and laid it down in pain,

Now triumphed in its worthiness, and took it up again.

The holy one, who had met God in desert cave alone, Feared not to stand with brethren around the Father's throne.

They who had done, in darkest night, the deeds of light and flame,

Circled with them about as with a glowing halo came.

And humble souls, who held themselves too dear for earth to buy,

Now passed through the golden gate, to live eternally.

And when into the glory the last of all did go,

"Thank God! there is a heaven," she cried, "though mine is endless woe."

The angel of the golden gate said, "Where, then, dost thou dwell?

And who art thou that enterest not?"—' A soul escaped from hell."

"Who knows to bless with prayer like thine, in helf can never be;

God's angel could not, if he would, bar up this door from thee."

She left her sin outside the gate, she meekly entered there,

Breathed free the blessed air of heaven, and knew her native air.

DISCIPLES' HYMN-BOOK,

THE NEW HEAVEN.

LET whosoever will, inquire
Of spirit or of seer,
To shape unto the heart's desire
The new life's vision clear.

My God, I rather look to Thee Than to these fancies fond, And wait, till Thou reveal to me That fair and far beyond.

I seek not of Thy Eden-land The forms and hues to know, What trees in mystic order stand, What strange, sweet waters flow; What duties fill the heavenly day, Or converse glad and kind, Or how along each shining way The bright processions wind.

Oh, joy! to hear with sense new born The angels' greeting strains, And sweet to see the first fair morn Gild the celestial plains.

But sweeter far to trust in Thee While all is yet unknown, And through the death-dark cheerily To walk with Thee alone.

In Thee, my powers, my treasures live, To Thee, my life must tend; Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give, O soul-sufficing friend!

And wherefore should I seek above Thy City in the sky? Since firm in faith, and deep in love, Its broad foundations lie?

Since in a life of peace and prayer, Nor known on earth, nor praised, By humblest toil, by ceaseless care, Its holy towers are raised.

Where faith the soul hath purified, And penitence hath shriven, And truth is crowned and glorified, There — only there — is Heaven.

PASSAGE FROM "ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER."

SCARCELY Hope hath shaped for me What the future life may be. Other lips may well be bold; Like the publican of old. I can only urge the plea, "Lord, be merciful to me!" Nothing of desert I claim, Unto me belongeth shame. Not for me the crowns of gold, Palms, and harpings manifold; Not for erring eye and feet, Jasper wall and golden street. What Thou wilt, O Father, give! All is gain that I receive. If my voice I may not raise In the elders' song of praise, If I may not, sin-defiled, Claim my birthright as a child, Suffer it that I to Thee As an hired servant be: Let the lowliest task be mine. Grateful, so the work be Thine: Let me find the humblest place In the shadow of Thy grace: Blest to me were any spot Where temptation whispers not.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

SONNET ON NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,

While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

J. BLANCO WHITE, 1775-1841

THE FUTURE.

WHAT may we take into the vast Forever?

That marble door

Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,

No fame-wreathed crown we wore,

No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?

No gold, no gains

Of all our toiling: in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here:

No word came with our coming, to remind us What wondrous world was near, No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless Night before us, Naked we glide:

No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us, No comrade at our side, No chart, no guide. Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow, Our footsteps fare:

The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

ATHANASIA.

THE ship may sink,
And I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;
But all that I leave
In the ocean-grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I,
Though falls the sky,
And the shrivelling earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom
Can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath!
There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm.
Not of the clod
Is the life of God:
Let it mount, as it will, from form to form.

CHARLES G. AMES

MISCELLANEOUS.

A THANKSGIVING.

"Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."

ORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine;
I am all Thine, — Thy care and choice,
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence In childhood frail I trace, For blessings given, ere dawning sense Could seek or scan Thy grace;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour, Bright dreams, and fancyings strange; Blessings, when reason's awful power Gave thought a bolder range;

Blessings of friends, which to my door Unasked, unhoped, have come; And, choicer still, a countless store Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place I shrine those seasons sad, When, looking up, I saw Thy face In kind austereness clad. I would not miss one sigh or tear, Heart-pang, or throbbing brow; Sweet was the chastisement severe, And sweet its memory now.

And such Thy tender force be still, When self would swerve or stray; Shaping to truth the froward will Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth; far, far remove
The lure of power or name;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,
And faith in this world's shame.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1829

THE INWARD WITNESS OF GOD.

"WHERE is your God?" they say:
Answer them, Lord most Holy!
Reveal Thy secret way
Of visiting the lowly:
Not wrapped in moving cloud,
Or nightly-resting fire;
But veiled within the shroud
Of silent high desire.

Come not in flashing storm,
Or bursting frown of thunder:
Come in the viewless form
Of wakening love and wonder;

Of duty grown divine, The restless spirit, still; Of sorrows taught to shine, As shadows of Thy will.

O God! the pure alone,—
E'en in their deep confessing,—
Can see Thee as their own,
And find the perfect blessing:
Yet to each waiting soul
Speak in Thy still small voice,
Till broken love's made whole,
And saddened hearts rejoice.

Anonymous, 1873. Hymns of Praise and Praver.

IDEALS.

A NGELS of Growth, of old in that surprise
Of your first vision, wild and sweet,
I poured in passionate sighs
My wish unwise
That ye descend my heart to meet,
My heart so slow to rise!

Now thus I pray: Angelic be to hold
In heaven your shining poise afar,
And to my wishes bold
Reply with cold,
Sweet invitation, like a star
Fixed in the heavens old.

Did ye descend, what were ye more than I?
Is't not by this ye are divine, —
That, native to the sky,
Ye cannot hie
Downward, and give low hearts the wine
That should reward the high?

Weak, yet in weakness I no more complain
Of your abiding in your places;
Oh, still, howe'er my pain
Wild prayers may rain,
Keep pure on high the perfect graces,

That, stooping, could but stain!

Not to content our lowness, but to lure

And lift us to your angelhood,

Do your surprises pure

Dawn far and sure

Above the tumult of young blood,

And starlike there endure.

Wait there, — wait, and invite me while I climb;
For, see, I come! — but slow, but slow!
Yet ever as your chime,
Soft and sublime,
Lifts at my feet, they move, they go
Up the great stair of time.

DAVID A. WASSON

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QUIET HOURS.

A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

Second Beries.

"O Thou, the primal fount of life and peace,
Who shedd'st Thy breathing quiet all around,
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And turn to music every jarring sound."

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
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PREFACE.

This little volume, like the first series of "Quiet Hours," contains poems of nature and religion.

I must express my thanks to the authors who have kindly allowed me to make this use of their poems, and to the publishers who have been so good as to permit me to print copyrighted poems, — Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., and Messrs. Roberts Brothers. To the latter I am indebted for several poems by Jean Ingelow, from a volume called "Holy Songs, Carols, and Sacred Ballads."

M. W. T.

NOVEMBER, 1880.



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QUIET HOURS.

NATURE.

FROM "THE PRELUDE."

Ere we retired,
The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
And open field, through which the pathway wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld — in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn —
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.

Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows Were then made for me: bond unknown to me Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly, A dedicated Spirit. On I walked In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE VOICES OF NATURE.

VOICE of Nature in the heart,
Narrow though our science, though
Here we only know in part,
Give us faith in what we know!
To a fuller life aspiring,
Satisfy the heart's desiring:—

Tell us of a force, behind
Nature's force, supreme, alone:
Tell us of a larger mind
Than the partial power we own:
Tell us of a Being wholly
Wise and great and just and holy:—

Toning down the pride of mind
To a wiser humbleness,
Teach the limits of mankind,
Weak to know, and prompt to guess,
On the mighty shores that bound us
Childlike gathering trifles round us:—

Teach how, yet, what here we know To the unknown leads the way, As the light that, faint and low,
Prophesies consummate day;
How the little arc before us
Proves the perfect circle o'er us:—

How the marr'd unequal scheme
That on all sides here we meet,
Either is a lawless dream,
Or must somewhere be complete;
Where or when, if near, or distant,
Known but to the One Existent.

- He is. We meanwhile repair
From the noise of human things
To the fields of larger air,
To the shadow of His wings:
Listening for His message only
In the wild with Nature lonely.

Francis Turner Palgrave.

FROM "THE RECLUSE."

OF truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope, And melancholy fear subdued by faith; Of blessed consolations in distress; Of moral strength and intellectual power; Of joy in widest commonalty spread; Of the individual mind that keeps her own Inviolate retirement, subject there To conscience only, and the law supreme

Of that intelligence which governs all — I sing: "fit audience let me find, though few!"

Beauty — a living presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
From earth's materials — waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tents before me as I move,
An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, fortunate fields — like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic main — why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

RESUSCITATION OF FANCY.

THE edge of thought was blunted by the stress
Of the hard world; my fancy had wax'd dull,
All Nature seemed less nobly beautiful, —
Robbed of her grandeur and her loveliness;
Methought the Muse within my heart had died,
Till, late, awaken'd at the break of day,
Just as the East took fire and doff'd its gray,
The rich preparatives of light I spied;

But one sole star - none other anywhere -A wild-rose odor from the fields was borne; The lark's mysterious joy filled earth and air, And from the wind's top met the hunter's horn, The aspen trembled wildly, and the morn Breath'd up in rosy clouds, divinely fair!

CHARLES TURNER.

M OST sweet is it with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none, While a fair region round the traveller lies Which he forbears again to look upon; Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene, The work of fancy, or some happy tone Of meditation, slipping in between The beauty coming and the beauty gone. If thought and love desert us, from that day Let us break off all commerce with the Muse; With thought and love companions of our way, Whate'er the senses take or may refuse, The mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

FROM "ENDYMION."

↑ THING of beauty is a joy forever: Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness; but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing. Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing A flowery band to bind us to the earth. Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth Of noble natures, of the gloomy days, Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all, Some shape of beauty moves away the pall From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon, Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon For simple sheep; and such are daffodils With the green world they live in; and clear rills That for themselves a cooling covert make 'Gainst the hot season: the mid-forest brake. Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms: And such too is the grandeur of the dooms We have imagined for the mighty dead: All lovely tales that we have heard or read: An endless fountain of immortal drink, Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

JOHN KEATS

FROM "DEJECTION: AN ODE."

A GRIEF without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene, Have I been gazing on the western sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze — and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
Yon crescent moon as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavor
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth—

And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,

Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,

Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain,
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

T is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea.
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1802.

THE evening breeze is blowing from the lea
Upon the fluttering elm; thou hast a mind,
O star! methinks, to settle in the tree—
But, ever baffled by the pettish wind,
Thou movest back and forward, and I find
A pastime for my thoughts in watching thee;
In thy vast orbit thou art rolling now,
And wottest not how to my human eye
Thou seemest flouted by a waving bough,
Serving my fancy's needs right pleasantly;
Thou wottest not—but He who made thee knows
Of all thy fair results both far and near,
Of all thine earthly, all thine heavenly shows—
The expression of thy beauty there and here.

"THREE YEARS SHE GREW."

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown.
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her: for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was done;
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And nevermore will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1799

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING.

Life with you lambs, like day, is just begun, Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide. Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide; And sullenness avoid, as now they shun Pale twilight's lingering glooms, — and in the sun Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied; Or gambol, each with his shadow at his side,

Varying its shape wherever he may run.
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the green,
Where herbs look up and opening flowers are seen,
Why to God's goodness cannot we be true?
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1838.

WIND ON THE CORN.

FULL often as I rove by path or stile,
To watch the harvest ripening in the vale,
Slowly and sweetly, like a growing smile —
A smile that ends in laughter — the quick gale
Upon the breadths of gold-green wheat descends;
While still the swallow, with unbaffled grace,
About his viewless quarry dips and bends —
And all the fine excitement of the chase
Lies in the hunter's beauty: in the eclipse
Of that brief shadow, how the barley's beard
Tilts at the passing gloom, and wild-rose dips
Among the white-tops in the ditches reared:
And hedge-row's flowery breast of lace-work stirs
Faintly in that full wind that rocks the outstanding firs

THE FELLED OAK:

GRASBY VICARAGE, SEPTEMBER 5, 1874.

WHEN the storm felled our oak, and thou, fair wold, Wert seen beyond it, we were slow to take The lesson taught; for our old neighbor's sake, We found thy distant presence wan and cold, And gave thee no warm welcome, for whene'er We tried to dream him back into the place Where once he stood, the giant of his race, 'T was but to lift an eye and thou wert there, His sad remembrancer, the monument That told us he was gone. But thou hast blent Thy beauty with our loss so long and well, That in all future grief we may foretell Some lurking good behind each seeming ill, Beyond each fallen tree some fair blue hill.

CHARLES TURNER.

A PHOTOGRAPH ON THE RED GOLD.

JERSEY, 1867.

A BOUT the knoll the airs blew fresh and brisk,
And, musing as I sat, I held my watch
Upon my open palm; its smooth bright disk
Was uppermost, and so it came to catch,
And dwarf, the figure of a waving tree,

Backed by the West. A tiny sunshine peeped About a tiny elm, - and both were steeped In royal metal, flaming ruddily: How lovely was that vision to behold! How passing sweet that fairy miniature, That streamed and flickered o'er the burning gold! God of small things and great! do Thou ensure Thy gift of sight, till all my days are told, Bless all its bliss, and keep its pleasures pure!

CHARLES TURNER.

THIS gray round world, so full of life, Of hate and love, of calm and strife, Still ship-like on for ages fares. How grand it sweeps the eternal blue! Glide on, fair vessel, till thy crew Discern how great a lot is theirs.

JOHN STERLING.

THE ROBIN.

THOU need'st not flutter from thy half-built nest, Whene'er thou hear'st man's hurrying feet go by, Fearing his eye for harm may on thee rest, Or he thy young unfinished cottage spy; All will not heed thee on that swinging bough, Nor care that round thy shelter spring the leaves, Nor watch thee on the pool's wet margin now For clay to plaster straws thy cunning weaves:

All will not hear thy sweet out-pouring joy,
That with morn's stillness blends the voice of song,
For over-anxious cares their souls employ,
That else upon thy music borne along
And the light wings of heart-ascending prayer
Had learned that Heaven is pleased thy simple joys to
share.

JONES VERY.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep;
No mood which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! then, if mine had been the painter's hand,
To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream,

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile, Amid a world how different from this! Beside a sea that could not cease to smile, On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss

A picture had it been of lasting ease, Elysian quiet, without toil or strife; No motion but the moving tide, a breeze, Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been; 't is so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been!
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend who would have been the friend,

If he had lived, of him * whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend —
This sea in anger and that dismal shore.

^{*} His brother, Captain John Wordsworth, who was lost at sea.

Oh, 't is a passionate work — yet wise and well, Well chosen is the spirit that is here; That hulk which labors in the deadly swell, This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear.

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,

I love to see the look with which it braves,

Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,

The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone, Housed, in a dream, at distance from the kind! Such happiness, wherever it be known, Is to be pitied, for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here!
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1805.

SEE what a lovely shell, Small and pure as a pearl, Lying close to my foot, Frail, but a work divine, Made so fairily well With delicate spire and whorl, How exquisitely minute, A miracle of design. What is it? a learned man Could give it a clumsy name! Let him name it who can, The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurled,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crushed with a tap Of my finger-nail on the sand, Small, but a work divine, Frail, but of force to withstand, Year upon year, the shock Of cataract seas that snap The three-decker's oaken spine Athwart the ledges of rock, Here on the Breton strand.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE RECOLLECTION.

Ι.

WE wandered to the pine forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

II.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced.
And soothed by every azure breath,
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean-woods may be.

III.

How calm it was! - the silence there By such a chain was bound, That even the busy woodpecker Made stiller by her sound The inviolable quietness; The breath of peace we drew With its soft motion made not less The calm that round us grew. There seemed from the remotest seat Of the wide mountain waste, To the soft flower beneath our feet, A magic circle traced, A spirit interfused around, A thrilling silent life; To momentary peace it bound Our mortal nature's strife; -And still I felt the centre of The magic circle there, Was one fair form that filled with love The lifeless atmosphere.

 ${\rm IV.}$

We paused beside the pools that lie Under the forest bough; Each seemed as 't were a little sky Gulfed in a world below; A firmament of purple light. Which in the dark earth lav. More boundless than the depth of night. And purer than the day — In which the lovely forests grew, As in the upper air, More perfect both in shape and hue Than any spreading there. There lay the glade and neighboring lawn, And through the dark-green wood The white sun twinkling like the dawn Out of a speckled cloud. Sweet views which in our world above Can never well be seen. Were imaged by the water's love Of that fair forest green: And all was interfused beneath With an Elysian glow, An atmosphere without a breath,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

AN EVENING VOLUNTARY.

A softer day below.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOR
AND BEAUTY.

I.

HAD this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment;

But 't is endued with power to stay, And sanctify one closing day, That frail mortality may see -What is? — ah no, but what can be! Time was when field and watery cove With modulated echoes rang, While choirs of fervent angels sang Their vespers in the grove; Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height, Warbled, for heaven above and earth below, Strains suitable to both. - Such holy rite, Methinks, if audibly repeated now From hill or valley, could not move Sublimer transport, purer love, Than doth this silent spectacle - the gleam -The shadow and the peace supreme!

II.

No sound is uttered, — but a deep And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side;
And glistening antlers are descried,
And gilded flocks appear.

Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread.

III.

And if there be whom broken ties Afflict, or injuries assail, Yon hazy ridges to their eyes Present a glorious scale, Climbing suffused with sunny air, To stop - no record hath told where! And tempting fancy to ascend, And with immortal Spirits blend! - Wings at my shoulders seem to play; But, rooted here, I stand and gaze On those bright steps that heavenward raise Their practicable way. Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad, And see to what fair countries ye are bound! And if some traveller, weary of his road, Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground, Ye Genii! to his covert speed, And wake him with such gentle heed As may attune his soul to meet the dower Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

IV.

Such hues from their celestial urn Were wont to stream before mine eye, Where'er it wandered in the morn Of blissful infancy. This glimpse of glory why renewed? Nay, rather speak with gratitude; For, if a vestige of those gleams Survived, 't was only in my dreams. Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve No less than Nature's threatening voice, If aught unworthy be my choice, From Thee if I would swerve: Oh! let Thy grace remind me of the light Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored: Which, at this moment, on my waking sight Appears to shine, by miracle restored; My soul, though yet confined to earth, Rejoices in a second birth! -'T is past. The visionary splendor fades, And Night approaches with her shades. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

AN EVENING VOLUNTARY.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND (EASTER-SUNDAY, APRIL 7), THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

THE sun, that seemed so mildly to retire, Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire, Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,

Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams. Look round — of all the clouds not one is moving; 'T is the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving. Silent and steadfast as the vaulted sky, The boundless plain of waters seems to lie; Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore? No; 't is the earth-voice of the mighty sea, Whispering how meek and gentle he can be!

Thou Power Supreme! who, arming to rebuke Offenders, dost put off the gracious look, And clothe Thyself with terrors like the flood Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood, Whatever discipline Thy will ordain For the brief course that must for me remain, Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice In admonitions of Thy softest voice! Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace, Breathe through my soul the blessing of Thy grace, Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere, Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear; Glad to expand; and, for a season, free From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TO LADY FITZGERALD,

SUCH age how beautiful! O Lady bright, Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined By favoring Nature and a saintly mind To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome snowdrop I compare;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive evening deepens into night.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE HARVEST MOON.

HOW peacefully the broad and golden moon Comes up to gaze upon the reapers' toil! That they who own the land for many a mile May bless her beams, and they who take the boon Of scattered ears; Oh! beautiful! how soon The dusk is turned to silver without soil, Which makes the fair sheaves fairer than at noon, And guides the gleaner to his slender spoil; So, to our souls, the Lord of love and might Sends harvest-hours, when daylight disappears; When age and sorrow, like a coming night, Darken our field of work with doubts and fears, He times the presence of His heavenly light To rise up softly o'er our silver hairs.

CHARLES TURNER.

ORION.

HOW oft I've watched thee from the garden croft, In silence, when the busy day was done, Shining with wondrous brilliancy aloft, And flickering like a casement 'gainst the sun: I've seen thee soar from out some snowy cloud, Which held the frozen breath of land and sea, Yet broke and severed as the wind grew loud.— But earth-bound winds could not dismember thee, Nor shake thy frame of jewels; I have guessed At thy strange shape and function, haply felt The charm of that old myth about thy belt And sword; but, most, my spirit was possest By His great presence, Who is never far From His light-bearers, whether man or star.

CHARLES TURNER.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

CXIX.

SAD Hesper o'er the buried sun, And ready, thou, to die with him, Thou watchest all things ever dim And dimmer, and a glory done;

The team is loosened from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shore;
Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darkened in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night, By thee the world's great work is heard Beginning, and the wakeful bird; Behind thee comes the greater light:

The market-boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink;
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,
And seest the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed, thou art the same.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NIGHT.

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.

The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

WILLIAM BLAKE

MORNING AND EVENING.

A MORNING PRAYER.

THE golden morn flames up the eastern sky,
And what dark night had hidden from every eye
All-piercing daylight summons clear to view:
And all the forests, vale or plain or hill,
That slept in mist enshrouded, dark and still,
In gladsome light are glittering now anew.

Shine in my heart, and bring me joy and light,
Sun of my darkened soul, dispel its night,
And shed in it the truthful day abroad;
And all the many gloomy folds lay bare
Within this heart, that fain would learn to wear
The pure and glorious likeness of its Lord.

Glad with Thy light, and glowing with Thy love,
So let me ever speak and think and move
As fits a soul new-touched with life from Heaven,
That seeks but so to order all her course
As most to show the glory of that Source
By whom her strength, her hope, her life are given.

I ask not take away this weight of care;
No, for that love I pray that all can bear,
And for the faith that whatsoe'er befall
Must needs be good, and for my profit prove,
Since from my Father's heart most rich in love,
And from His bounteous hands it cometh all.

I ask not that my course be calm and still;
No, here too, Lord, be done Thy holy will;
I ask but for a quiet childlike heart;
Though thronging cares and restless toil be mine,
Yet may my heart remain forever Thine,
Draw it from earth, and fix it where Thou art.

True Morning Sun of all my life, I pray
That not in vain Thou shine on me to-day,
Be Thou my light, when all around is gloom;
Thy brightness, hope, and courage on me shed,
That I may joy to see when life is fled
The setting sun that brings the pilgrim home.

C. J. P. SPITTA.

MORNING HYMN.

SWEET Morn! from countless cups of gold
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense fine than earth can hold,
To fill the sky.

One interfusion wide of love,
Thine airs and odors moist ascend,
And 'mid the azure depths above,
With light they blend.

The lark, by his own carol blest,
From thy green arbors eager springs;
And his large heart in little breast
Exulting sings.

A joy from hidden paradise
Is rippling down the shiny brooks,
With beauty like the gleams of eyes
In tenderest looks.

The fly his jocund round inweaves, With choral strains the birds salute The voiceful flocks, and nothing grieves, And naught is mute.

In man, O Morn! a loftier good,
With conscious blessing, fills the soul,
A life by reason understood,
Which metes the whole.

From earth, and earthly toil and strife,
To deathless aims his love may rise,
Each dawn may wake to better life,
With purer eyes.

Such grace from Thee, O God! be ours, Renewed with every morning's ray, And freshening still with added flowers, Each future day.

Like earth, awake, and warm and bright With joy the spirit moves and burns; So up to Thee, O Fount of Light! Our light returns.

JOHN STERLING.

ECCE JAM NOCTIS TENUATUR UMBRA.

LO, fainter now lie spread the shades of night,
And upward shoot the trembling gleams of morn;
Suppliant we bend before the Lord of Light,
And pray at early dawn,—

That His sweet charity may all our sin Forgive, and make our miseries to cease; May grant us health, grant us the gift divine Of everlasting peace.

BREVIARY, translated by Edward Caswall.

MORNING HYMN.

VOUCHSAFE, O LORD, TO KEEP US THIS DAY WITHOUT SIN!

DEAR Lord! Thou bringest back the morn; Thy children wake; Thy children pray: O! make our souls divinely yearn! Pour Thy best beauty on the day!

Yes, make our best desire most strong!
O, let not sin one hour oppress;
But spread each shining hour along
The beauty of Thy holiness.

In myriad gifts streams forth Thy love;
What countless joys each minute brings!
But O! the cleaving sin remove
That darkens all these precious things.

The thoughts, that in our hearts keep place, Lord, make a holy, heavenly throng; And steep in innocence and grace The issue of each guarded tongue.

Lend our slow feet that speed of Thine; Our busy hands from evil stay; Lord! help us still to tasks divine — Still keep us in the heavenly way.

The weaklings plead; the sinners pray;
But, Lord, Thy grace exceeds our sin:
We cannot ask too bright a day;
Too much of Thee we cannot win.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL

MORNING.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacrifice.

In conversation be sincere; Keep conscience as the noontide clear; Think how All-seeing God thy ways And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine Let thy own light to others shine; Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays, In ardent love and cheerful praise.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me whilst I slept! Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of endless light partake!

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew; Disperse my sins as morning dew; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day, All I design, or do, or say; That all my powers, with all their might, In Thy sole glory may unite.

THOMAS KEN, 1700.

COME TO ME.

COME to me, Lord, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,
Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.

Come to me in the sultry noon, Or earth's low communings will soon Of Thy dear face eclipse the light, And change my fairest day to night.

Come to me in the evening shade; And if my heart from Thee have strayed, Oh! bring it back, and from afar Smile on me like Thine evening star.

Come to me through life's varied way, And when its pulses cease to play, Then, Father, bid me come to Thee, That where Thou art Thy child may be.

HENRY V. T.

O SILENCE DEEP AND STRANGE.

O SILENCE deep and strange!

The earth doth yet in quiet slumber lie,
No stir of life, save on you woodland range,
The tall trees bow as if their Lord passed by.

Like to one new-create,
I have no memory of grief and care;
Of all the things which vexed my soul of late
I am ashamed in this calm morning air.

This world, with all its band
Of clamorous joys and griefs, shall be to me
A bridge whereon, my pilgrim-staff in hand,
I cross the stream of Time, O Lord, to Thee.

J. F. EICHENDORF

RECTOR POTENS, VERAX DEUS.

LORD of eternal truth and might!
Ruler of Nature's changing scheme!
Who dost bring forth the morning light,
And temper noon's effulgent beam:

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife, The wasting fever of the heart, From perils guard our feeble life, And to our souls Thy peace impart.

BREVIARY

RULES AND LESSONS.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures. Note the hush And whispers amongst them. There 's not a spring Or leaf but hath his morning hymn. Each bush And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?

O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way, And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

When the world 's up, and every swarm abroad, Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each clay; Dispatch necessities; life hath a load Which must be carried on, and safely may.

Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Seek not the same steps with the crowd; stick thou To thy sure trot; a constant, humble mind Is both his own joy, and his Maker's too; Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.

A sweet self-privacy in a right soul Outruns the earth, and lines the utmost pole. When night comes, list thy deeds; make plain the way 'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with delays, But perfect all before thou sleep'st: then say, "There's one sun more strung on my bead of days." What's good score up for joy; the bad well scanned Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

Being laid, and dressed for sleep, close not thy eyes
Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the wing
In some good thoughts; so when the day shall rise,
And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks will bring
New flames; besides where these lodge, vain heats
mourn

And die; that bush, where God is, shall not burn.

Henry Vaughan.

THE HOURS.

THE minutes have their trusts as they go by,
To bear His love who wings their viewless flight;
To Him they bear their record as they fly,
And never from their ceaseless round alight.
Rich with the life Thou livest they come to me,
Oh may I all that life to others show;
That they from strife may rise and rest in Thee,
And all thy peace in Christ by me may know.
Then shall the morning call me from my rest,
With joyful hope that I Thy child may live;

And when the evening comes 't will make me blest,
To know that Thou wilt peaceful slumbers give;
Such as thou dost to weary laborers send,
Whose sleep from Thee doth with the dews descend.

Jones Very.

THE NIGHT.

DEAR night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress and his prayer time;
The hours to which high heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight:
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in heaven all the year
Would keep, and never wander here.

There is in God, some say,
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.

O for that night! where I in Him Might live invisible and dim.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

EVENING.

" Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor till the evening."

THE sun is gone, the long clouds break
And sink adown his golden wake;
Behold us, met now work is done
To seek Thy grace at evensong.

Half-hearted, tardy, cold are we, Warm us, and draw our souls to Thee; Draw us to follow, as the sun, Thy servant, vassal worlds draw on.

We would not meagre gifts down-call When Thou dost yearn to yield us all; But for this life, this little hour, Ask all Thy love and care and power.

Show us thy pureness, here, on earth; Into Thy kingdom give us birth. We would not wish or dare, to wait In better worlds a better state.

But save us now, and cleanse us now, Receive each soul and hear its vow: "My father's God, on Thee I call, Thou shalt be my God, and my All."

JEAN INGELOW.

ABIDE WITH ME.

A BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

EVENING.

'T IS gone, that bright and orbéd blaze Fast fading from our wistful gaze; Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight The last faint pulse of quivering light.

When round Thy wondrous works below My searching rapturous glance I throw, Tracing out wisdom, power, and love, In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold, And all the flowers of life unfold; Let not my heart within me burn, Except in all I Thee discern.

Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take; Till in the ocean of Thy love We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE.

VESPER HYMN.

- THE day is done, the weary day of thought and toil is past,
- Soft falls the twilight cool and gray on the tired earth at last:
- By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends oppressed,
- In Thee alone, the soul, outworn, refreshment finds and rest.
- Bend, Gracious Spirit, from above, like these o'erarching skies,
- And to Thy firmament of Love lift up these longing eyes;
- And, folded by Thy sheltering Hand, in refuge still and deep,
- Let blessed thoughts from Thee descend, as drop the dews of sleep.
- And when refreshed the soul once more puts on new life and power;
- Oh, let Thine image, Lord, alone, gild the first waking hour!
- Let that dear Presence dawn and glow, fairer than Morn's first ray,
- And Thy pure radiance overflow the splendor of the day.

So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn, When deeper slumber shall be given, and fresher life be born,

Shine out, true Light! to guide my way amid that deepening gloom,

And rise, O Morning Star, the first that dayspring to illume!

I cannot dread the darkness where Thou wilt watch o'er me,

Nor smile to greet the sunrise unless Thy smile I see; Creator, Saviour, Comforter! on Thee my soul is cast; At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be Thou my First and Last!

ELIZA SCUDDER, October, 1874.

NIGHT.

I THANK Thee, Father, that the night is near When I this conscious being may resign; Whose only task Thy words of love to hear, And in Thy acts to find each act of mine; A task too great to give a child like me, The myriad-handed labors of the day, Too many for my closing eyes to see, Thy words too frequent for my tongue to say; Yet when Thou see'st me burdened by Thy love, Each other gift more lovely then appears, For dark-robed night comes hovering from above, And all Thine other gifts to me endears; And while within her darkened couch I sleep, Thine eyes untired above will constant vigils keep.

Jones Very-

INWARD STRIFE.

SIN.

ORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin, Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes, Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in, Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

GEORGE HEREERT.

THE SINFUL WISH.

If I have sinned in act, I may repent;
If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame;
But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse,
That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
In keen expectance of a Carnival, —
Where, in all worlds that round the sun revolve
And shed their influence on this passive ball,
Abides a power that can my soul absolve?
Could any sin survive and be forgiven,
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

"MULTUM DILEXIT."

SHE sat and wept beside His feet; the weight Of sin oppressed her heart: for all the blame, And the poor malice of the worldly shame, To her was past, extinct, and out of date; Only the *sin* remained,—the leprous state; She would be melted by the heat of love, By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove And purge the silver ore adulterate.

She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch; And He wiped off the soiling of despair From her sweet soul, because she loved so much. I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears: Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

O FATHER! I have sinnéd. I have done The thing I thought I never more should do. My days were set before me, light all through, But I have made them dark,—alas! too true.—And drawn dense clouds between me and my Sun.

Forgive me not, for grievous is my sin: Yea, very deep and dark. Alas, I see Such blackness in it, that I may not be Forgiven of myself, — how then of Thee? — Vile, vile without; black, utter black, within!

If my shut eyes should dare their lids to part, I know how they must quail beneath the blaze Of Thy Love's greatness. No; I dare not raise One prayer, to look aloft, lest it should gaze On such forgiveness as would break my heart!

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

LOW SPIRITS.

FEVER and fret and aimless stir,
And disappointed strife,
All chafing, unsuccessful things
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke;
The streets resound with noise;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me, smiles are near, Kind welcomes to be had, And yet my spirit is alone, Fretful, outworn, and sad.

Sweet thought of God, now do thy work, As thou hast done before; Wake up, and tears will wake with thee, And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought, Without or praise or prayer, Gives light to know, and life to do, And marvellous strength to bear. O there is music in that thought, Unto a heart unstrung, Like sweet bells at the evening time Most musically rung.

'T is not His justice, or His power, Beauty or blest abode, But the mere unexpanded thought Of the eternal God.

It is not of His wondrous works, Nor even that He is; Words fail it, but it is a thought Which by itself is bliss.

I bless Thee, Lord, for this kind check To spirits over free, And for all things that make me feel More helpless need of Thee.

FREDERICK WM. FABER.

AN APPEAL.

WHAT mean these slow returns of love, these days
Of withered prayer, of dead, unflowering praise?
These hands of twilight laid on me, to keep
Dusk veils on holy vision? This most deep,
Most eyelid heavy, lamentable sleep?

Lo, time is precious as it was before; As sinful sin; my goal as unattained: And yet I drowse, and dream, and am not pained At God far off as ever heretofore, At sin as flagrant as of old, or more.

Dear Lord, what can I do? I come to Thee, I have none other helper. Thou art free To save me, or to kill. But I appeal To Thy dear love, which cannot elsewise deal Than prove Thyself my friend, Thy will my weal.

Wake, wake me, Lord! Arouse me. Let Thy fire Loosen these icicles, and make them drop And run into warm tears; for I aspire To hold Thee faster, dearer, warmer, nigher, And love and serve Thee henceforth without stop.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

A CRY OF THE SOUL.

'O DIEU DE VÉRITÉ, POUR QUI SEUL JE SOUPIRE."

O GOD of truth, for whom alone I sigh,
Knit Thou my heart by strong, sweet cords to Thee.
I tire of hearing; books my patience try.
Untired to Thee I cry;
Thyself my all shalt be.

Lord, be Thou near and cheer my lonely way;
With Thy sweet peace my aching bosom fill;
Scatter my cares and fears; my griefs allay;
And be it mine each day
To love and please Thee still.

My God! Thou hearest me; but clouds obscure
Even yet Thy perfect radiance, Truth divine!
Oh for the stainless skies, the splendors pure,
The joys that aye endure,
Where Thine own glories shine!

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE CORNEILLE.

DIVINE LOVE.

THOU hidden love of God! whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows—
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way—
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'T is mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee!
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Theeward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone —
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry!

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

PETTISHNESS.

MY mind was ruffled with small cares to-day, And I said pettish words, and did not keep Long-suffering patience well; and now how deep My trouble for this sin! in vain I weep For foolish words I never can unsay.

Yet not in vain, oh surely not in vain!—
This sorrow must compel me to take heed;
And surely I shall learn how much I need
Thy constant Strength my own to supersede,
And all my thoughts to patience to constrain.

Yes, I shall learn at last; though I neglect, Day after day, to seek my help from Thee. O aid me, that I always recollect This gentle-heartedness; and O correct Whatever else of sin Thou seest in me!

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON, 1854.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

Pather, before Thy footstool kneeling,
Once more my heart goes up to Thee,
For aid, for strength, to Thee appealing,
Thou who alone canst succor me.

Hear me! for heart and flesh are failing, My spirit yielding in the strife; And anguish, wild as unavailing, Sweeps in a flood across my life.

Not mine the grief which words may lighten; Not mine the tears of common woe: The pang with which my heart-strings tighten, Only the All-seeing One may know.

And I am weak; my feeble spirit
Shrinks from life's task in wild dismay:
Yet not that Thou that task wouldst spare it,
My Father, do I dare to pray.

Into my soul Thy might infusing,
Strengthening my spirit by Thine own,
Help me, all other aid refusing,
To cling to Thee, and Thee alone.

And oh! in my exceeding weakness,
Make Thy strength perfect; Thou art strong:
Aid me to do Thy will with meekness,—
Thou, to whom all my powers belong.

Oh! let me feel that Thou art near me; Close to Thy side, I shall not fear: Hear me, O Strength of Israel, hear me; Sustain and aid! in mercy hear.

ANONYMOUS.

UNCERTAINTY.

O FATHER, hear!
The way is dark, and I would fain discern
What steps to take, into which path to turn;
Oh! make it clear.

It is Thy child,
Who sits in dim uncertainty and doubt,
Waiting and longing till the light shine out
Upon the wild.

My Father, see
I trust the faithfulness displayed of old,
I trust the love that never can grow cold,
I trust in Thee.

And Thou wilt guide;
For Thou hast promised never to forsake
The soul that Thee its confidence doth make;
I've none beside.

Thou knowest me;
Thou knowest how I now in darkness grope;
And oh! thou knowest that my only hope
Is found in Thee.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

THE LOST CHERITH.

"He drank of the brook. And it came to pass after a while that the brook dried up." I Kings xvii. 6, 7.

THOU hast but claimed Thine own. Lord, I surrender
Thy precious loan; for I would do Thy will.

Let me not doubt Thy love, so true and tender;
Say to my quivering heart-strings, "Peace; be still!"

Thou heard'st my cry when sore athirst and weary, And on my path in pity cast Thine eyes; Then, in the arid waste, all parched and dreary, Thou bad'st for me a bubbling streamlet rise.

"Drink," Lord, thou saidst; and I in mute thanksgiving Drank of the stream that by the wayside burst, Sweet drops of love from Thy deep fount upspringing, That soothed my weariness, and quenched my thirst.

Now at Thy word dries up my pleasant Cherith; Oh, let me not in selfish grief repine! Only Thy voice my mourning spirit heareth; Thou hast not taken mine, O Lord, but *Thine*.

[&]quot;Nay, thine and Mine" (thus came a whisper stealing On my sad heart, and tenderly it fell);

[&]quot;That spring of joy I sent, My love revealing, And its deep secret thou must ponder well.

"'T is Mine and thine. It was My love that lent it, Thy lonely pilgrim path to wander by; Fear not, my child, it was thy Father sent it, And the same love now bids the brook run dry.

"The cistern fails — the fountain flows for ever!
Child, to My care thy dearest ones resign.
My arms uphold thee, I will leave thee never,
And all I am and all I have are thine."

O Lord! Thou art my fountain ever flowing; Love passing knowledge, knowing no decline; All, all is love, in taking or bestowing, And my sweet wayside brook is Thine and mine.

ANNA SHIPTON

MY QUEST.

LONG had I wavered 'twixt belief and doubt,
This way and that, turning my faith about,
To keep the truth and sift the error out.

My hold on truth seemed lessening day by day, The ancient landmarks failed to point the way; I could not reason, I could only pray

That He who gladly hungry souls doth feed Might give me what was lacking to my need, And into ways of truth my footsteps lead. And while my strong desire to God I brought, That He would grant the light and peace I sought, These words of Christ sprang sudden to my thought,—

"More blessed 't is to give than to receive." No more — no mystic dogma to believe, Only a thread in each day's life to weave;

Only a common duty, in such wise Transfigured by new light, that straight my eyes Saw how above all truth *true loving* lies;

Saw that, forgetful of my own soul's need, Filling my life with gracious thought and deed, I might leave time—and God—to shape my creed.

My prayer was answered; not as I had thought, I had not found the knowledge that I sought, To live without it was the lesson taught.

The end of all my long and weary quest Is only failure; yet a sense of rest, Of deep, unwonted quiet, fills my breast.

And though some vexing doubts still hold their place, Yet is my faith no measure for His grace, Whose hand still holds me though He hide His face.

And day by day I think I read more plain This crowning truth, that, spite of sin and pain, No life that God has given is lived in vain; But each poor, weak and sin-polluted soul Shall struggle free at last, and reach its goal, A perfect part of God's great perfect whole.

My heart believes — yet still I long for light, Surely the morning cometh after night, When Faith, the watcher, shall give place to sight!

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

CXXII.

THAT which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith, our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun, Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye; Nor through the questions men may try, The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt The freezing reason's colder part, And like a man in wrath the heart Stood up and answered, "I have felt." No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamor made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach through nature, moulding men.

ALFRED TENNYSON

LORD, I HAVE LAIN.

L ORD, I have lain
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitful to Thee;
Fruitful in knowledge, love, obedience,
Ere I go hence:
That when I come
At harvest to be reapéd, and brought home,
Thine angels may
My soul in Thy celestial garner lay,
Where perfect joy and bliss
Eternal is.

If to entreat
A crop of purest wheat,
A blessing too transcendent should appear
For me to hear,

Lord, make me what Thou wilt, so Thou wilt take What thou dost make, And not disdain

To house me, though among Thy coarsest grain; So I may be

Laid with the gleanings gathered by Thee, When the full sheaves are spent, I am content.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

LIFE AND DUTY.

LIFE MOSAIC.

MASTER, to do great work for Thee my hand
Is far too weak! Thou givest what may suit,—
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the great design
Which Thou hast traced; or many-skilled, combine
To build vast temples, gloriously planned;
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought,
Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,
Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought.
Set each stone by Thy Master-hand of grace;
Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
And in Thy temple pavement give it place.

WORK.

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil; Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines, For all the heat o' the day, till it declines, And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil. God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

ONLY one day
To bear the strain
Of living, and to battle with the pain.

Only one day

To satisfy

With food and covering, as the hours slip by.

Only one day;

To-morrow's care,

To-morrow, if it come, itself shall bear.

Only one day;

Then waste it not
In futile plannings where the Lord is not.

Only one day

God gives to me

At once—oh, may I use it faithfully!

EMMA S. WATSON.

GOOD TEMPER.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.

HANNAH MORE.

FROM "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

POR something that abode endued
With temple-like repose, an air

Of life's kind purposes pursued
With ordered freedom sweet and fair.

A tent pitched in a world not right
It seemed, whose inmates, every one,
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done,
And humbly, though they had few peers,
Kept their own laws, which seemed to be
The fair sum of six thousand years'
Traditions of civility.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

CIX.

THE churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons through the gilded pale:

For who can always act? But he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seemed to be,

So wore his outward best, and joined Each office of the social hour To noble manners, as the flower And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite, Or villain fancy fleeting by, Drew in the expression of an eye, Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT."

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresigl t, strength, and skill;

A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command; And yet a spirit still, and bright With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1804.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Ps. xxv. 14.

JUST to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task,
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.

Bright and blesséd, calm and free.

Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,

He who formed thee for His praise Will not miss the gracious aim; So to-day and all thy days Shall be moulded for the same!

Just to leave in His dear hand

Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.

Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.

This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best:
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

Frances Ridley Havergal

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in the room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Adhem. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke more low,

But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished; the next night It came again, with a great wakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blest, And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

VIRTUE.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye, Thy root is ever in its grave, And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses, A box where sweets compacted lie, My music shows ye have your closes, And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

BE useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

George Herbert.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

I SEE them far away,
In their calm beauty, on the evening skies,
Across the golden west their summits rise,
Bright with the radiance of departing day;
And often ere the sunset light was gone

And often ere the sunset light was gone,
Gazing and longing, I have hastened on,
As with new strength, all weariness and pain
Forgotten in the hope those blissful heights to gain.

Heaven lies not far beyond, But these are hills of earth, our changeful air Circles around them, and the dwellers there

Still own mortality's mysterious bond.

The ceaseless contact, the continued strife
Of sin and grace, which can but close with life,
Is not yet ended, and the Jordan's roar
Still sounds between their path and the Celestial shore.

But there the pilgrims say, On these calm heights, the tumult and the noise Of all our busy cares and restless joys

Has almost in the distance died away; All the past journey a "right way" appears, Thoughts of the future wake no faithless fears, And, through the clouds, to their rejoicing eyes, The city's golden streets and pearly gates arise.

Courage, poor fainting heart! These happy ones in the far distance seen Were sinful wanderers once, as thou hast been,

Weary and sorrowful, as now thou art.
Linger no longer on the lonely plain,
Press boldly onward, and thou too shalt gain
Their vantage-ground, and then with vigor new,
All thy remaining race and pilgrimage pursue.

Ah! far too faint, too poor Are all our views and aims — we only stand Within the borders of the promised land,

Its precious things we seek not to secure;
And thus our hands hang down, and oft unstrung
Our harps are left the willow-trees among.
Lord! lead us forward, upward, till we know
How much of heavenly bliss may be enjoyed below.

ANONYMOUS.

THE DIVINE LIFE.

HUMBLE, and teachable, and mild, O may I, as a little child, My lowly Master's steps pursue! Be anger to my soul unknown; Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone; In love create Thou all things new.

My will be swallowed up in Thee; Light in Thy light still may I see, Beholding Thee with open face; Called the full power of faith to prove, Let all my hallowed heart be love, And all my spotless life be praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

TRUE MANLINESS.

THRICE happy he whose name is writ above,
And doeth good though gaining infamy;
Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,
And recks not what befalls him outwardly:
Whose worth is in himself, and only bliss
In his pure conscience that doth nought amiss;

Who placeth pleasure in his purgèd soul,
And virtuous life his treasure doth esteem;
Who can his passions master and control,
And that true lordly manliness doth deem;

Who from this world himself hath clearly quit, Counts nought his own but what lives in his sprite.

So, when his sprite from this vain world shall flit, It bears all with it whatso'er was dear Unto itself, passing in easy fit,
As kindly ripened corn comes out of th' ear.
Thus, mindless of what idle men will say,
He takes his own and stilly goes his way.

HENRY MORE

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

H^{OW} happy is he born and taught That serveth not another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are; Whose soul is still prepared for death, Untied unto the world by care Of public fame, or private breath;—

Who envies none that chance doth raise, Nor vice; who never understood How deepest wounds are given by praise; Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

BEFORE LABOR.

PORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned, Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil! In all my works Thy presence find, And prove Thy acceptable will.

Preserve me from my calling's snare, And hide my simple heart above, Above the thorns of choking care, The gilded baits of worldly love.

Thee may I set at my right hand, Whose eyes my inmost substance see; And labor on at Thy command, And offer all my works to Thee. Give me to bear Thy easy yoke, And every moment watch and pray; And still to things eternal look, And hasten to Thy glorious day.

For Thee delightfully employ Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given; And run my course with even joy, And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

O GOD, what offering shall I give
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice.
Small as it is, 't is all my store;
More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.

Now then, my God, thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but Thine I am:
Guard thou Thine own, possess it whole!
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame!
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to Thy will:
Here let Thy light for ever shine:
This house still let Thy presence fill:

O Source of Life, live, dwell, and move In me, till all my life be love!

Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be:
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity:
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might;
Since I am called by Thy great name,
In Thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be Thou the aim:
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be Thy praise.

JOACHIM LANGE. Tr. by John Wesley

TAKE my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days; Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be Swift, and "beautiful" for Thee. Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold; Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart; it is Thine own; It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all for Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see, And what I do in anything, To do it as for Thee. A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake:

Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SONNET.

METHOUGHT that in a solemn church I stood. Its marble acres, worn with knees and feet, Lay spread from door to door, from street to street. Midway the form hung high upon the rood Of Him who gave His life to be our good; Beyond priests flitted, bowed, and murmured meet Among the candles shining still and sweet. Men came and went, and worshipped as they could,

And still their dust a woman with her broom, Bowed to her work, kept sweeping to the door. Then saw I, slow through all the pillared gloom, Across the church a silent figure come: "Daughter," it said, "thou sweepest well my floor!" It is the Lord, I cried, and saw no more.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

SENSITIVENESS.

TIME was, I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense And sorer shame aside; Such dread of sin was indolence, Such aim at heaven was pride.

So when my Father calls, I rise, And calmly do my best; Leaving to Him, with silent eyes Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led;
Men count my haltings o'er; —
I know them; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

H^E with good gifts that most is blest, Or stands for God above the rest, Let him so think — "To serve the dear, The lowlier children I am here.

"It is the children's bread I break; He trusts me with it for their sake; (Hunger I must if none it shares) It is but mine when it is theirs.

"That which I teach, it most is mine, Dear child of God, to make it thine; When thou hast learned it, I shall see The perfect meaning first in thee.

"That song I made, it was not mine, Nor fraught with incense for the shrine, Till, when thou sang'st it sweetly through, I with thy voice sang praises too.

"That which I am, it is not mine;
The earth unto the moon doth shine—
Not to herself, for oft her way
Seems but a dark and cloudy day.

"O Church of God! my life is lent
For yours, to spend and to be spent;
O Christ of God! let my death be
Not to myself but Thee — but Thee!"

AMEN.

JEAN INGE

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I WAS sitting alone towards the twilight, With spirit troubled and vexed, With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold, and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts, The wretched work I had done, And, even when trying most truly, The meagre success I had won!

"It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,"
I said: "it will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him, And sometimes I know I have tried; But I'm sure when He sees such building, He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender, And something blinded my eyes With one of those sweet intuitions That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me;
I knew 't was the best she could do;
But O, what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?— With a tender smile and a tear, And a half compassionate yearning, I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence, And the dear Lord said to me, "Art thou tenderer for the little child Than I am tender for thee?"

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'T was the hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy, My faith no longer is dim; But my heart is strong and restful, And mine eyes are unto Him.

K. H. JOHNSON.

"Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house."

SUCH as have not gold to bring Thee, They bring thanks — Thy grateful sons; Such as have no song to sing Thee, Live Thee praise — Thy silent ones.

Such as have their unknown dwelling, Secret from Thy children here, Known of Thee, will Thee be telling How Thy ways with them are dear.

None the place ordained refuseth, They are one, and they are all Living stones, the Builder chooseth For the courses of His wall.

Now Thy work by us fulfilling, Build us in Thy house divine; Each one cries, "I, Lord, am willing, Whatsoever place be mine." Some, of every eye beholden, Hewn to fitness for the height, By Thy hand to beauty moulden, Show Thy workmanship in light.

Other, Thou dost bless with station
Dark, and of the foot downtrod,
Sink them deep in the foundation—
Buried, hid with Christ in God.

JEAN INGELOW.

WORK ON EARTH.

WHY dost thou talk of death, laddie?
Why dost thou long to go?
The Master that hath placed thee here
Hath work for thee to do.

Why dost thou talk of heaven, laddie?
What wouldst thou say in heaven
When the Master asks, "What hast thou done
With the talents I have given?

"I gave thee wealth and influence, And the poor around thee spread: Where are the sheep and lambs of mine That thou hast reared and fed?

"I gave thee wit and eloquence,
Thy brethren to persuade:
Where are the thousands by thy word
More wise and holy made?

"I placed thee in a land of light,
Where the Gospel round thee shone:
Where is the heavenly-mindedness
I find in all my own?

"And last I sent thee chastisement,
That thou mightst be my son:
Where is the trusting faith that says,
'Father, Thy will be done'?"

JOHN WILSON.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."

Russian Proverb.

"TWO hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace;"—
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot:
God in His kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addrest Aye for His praise; Two feet that never rest, Walking His ways; Two eyes that look above

Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath, nor fears;"
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;
"Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these."

SONNETS

FROM "WITHIN AND WITHOUT."

O thou into thy closet; shut thy door;
And pray to Him in secret: He will hear:
But think not thou, by one wild bound, to clear
The numberless ascensions, more and more,
Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before
Thou comest to the Father's likeness near;
And bendest down to kiss the feet so dear
That, step by step, their mounting flights passed o'er.
Be thou content if on thy weary need
There falls a sense of showers and of the spring;
A hope, that makes it possible to fling
Sickness aside, and go and do the deed;
For highest aspiration will not lead
Unto the calm beyond all questioning.

Hark, hark, a voice amid the quiet intense! It is thy Duty waiting thee without. Rise from thy knees in hope, the half of doubt; A hand doth pull thee — it is Providence:

Open thy door straightway, and get thee hence; Go forth into the tumult and the shout; Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about; Of noise alone is born the inward sense Of silence; and from action springs alone The inward knowledge of true love and faith. Then, weary, go thou back with failing breath, And in thy chamber make thy prayer and moan; One day upon *His* bosom, all thine own, Thou shalt lie still, embraced in holy death.

And do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain More than the father's heart rich good invent? Each time we smell the autumn's dying scent, We know the primrose time will come again; Not more we hope, nor less would soothe our pain. Be bounteous in thy faith, for not misspent Is confidence unto the Father lent: Thy need is sown and rooted for His rain. His thoughts are as thine own; nor are His ways Other than thine, but by their loftier sense Of beauty infinite and love intense. Work on. One day, beyond all thoughts of praise, A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays; Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

GEORGE MACDONALD

THE SONG OF THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

COME, brethren, let us go!
The evening closeth round,
'T is perilous to linger here
On this wild desert ground.
Come, towards eternity
Press on from strength to strength,
Nor dread your journey's toils nor length,
For good its end shall be.

We shall not rue our choice,

Though straight our path and steep,
We know that He who called us here
His word shall ever keep.

Then follow, trusting; come,
And let each set his face
Toward yonder fair and blessed place,
Intent to reach our home.

Come, children, let us go!
Our Father is our guide;
And when the way grows steep and dark,
He journeys at our side.
Our spirits He would cheer,
The sunshine of His love
Revives and helps us as we rove,
Ah, blest our lot e'en here!

Come, children, let us go!
We travel hand in hand;
Each in his brother finds his joy
In this wild stranger land.
The strong be quick to raise
The weaker when they fall;
Let love and peace and patience bloom
In ready help for all.

Friend of our perfect choice,
Thou Joy of all that live,
Being that know'st not chance or change,
What courage dost Thou give!
All beauty, Lord, we see,
All bliss and life and love,
In Him in whom we live and move,
And we are glad in Thee!

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1731

WORLDLY PLACE.

EVEN in a palace, life may be led well!

So spoke the imperial sage, purest of men,

Marcus Aurelius. — But the stifling den

Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell,

Our freedom for a little bread we sell, And drudge under some foolish master's ken, Who rates us, if we peer outside our pen, — Matched with a palace, is not this a hell? Even in a palace! On his truth sincere, Who spoke these words, no shadow ever came; And when my ill-schooled spirit is aflame

Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I'll stop and say: "There were no succor here!
The aids to noble life are all within."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

QUIET WORK.

One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity; Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose, Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring, Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil, Still do thy quiet ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

NOT IN VAIN.

ET me not deem that I was made in vain,
Or that my being was an accident
Which Fate, in working its sublime intent,
Not wished to be, to hinder would not deign.
Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
Hath its own mission, and is duly sent
To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent
'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.
The very shadow of an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it stayed,
Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
Proved that the sun was shining by its shade.
Then can a drop of the eternal spring,
Shadow of living lights, in vain be made?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

ALL APPOINTED.

THOU camest not to thy place by accident, It is the very place God meant for thee; And shouldst thou there small scope for action see, Do not for this give room to discontent; Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent In idly dreaming how thou mightest be In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free From outward hindrance or impediment:

For presently this hindrance thou shalt find
That without which all goodness were a task
So slight, that Virtue never could grow strong:
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,
The Imposer's — over-burdened thou shalt ask,
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
Than some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even,
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-Master's eye.

JOHN MILTON.

TO MR. CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, this three-years-day these eyes, though clear,

To outward view, of blemish or of spot, Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot; Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain
mask,

Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

JOHN MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1802.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WHO is the happy warrior? Who is he That every man in arms should wish to be? - It is the generous spirit who, when brought Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought; Whose high endeavors are an inward light That makes the path before him always bright; Who, with a natural instinct to discern What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn; Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, But makes his moral being his prime care; Who, doomed to go in company with pain And fear and bloodshed - miserable train! -Turns his necessity to glorious gain; In face of these doth exercise a power Which is our human nature's highest dower: Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves Of their bad influence, and their good receives; By objects which might force the soul to abate Her feeling rendered more compassionate; Is placable, because occasions rise So often that demand such sacrifice: More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure, As tempted more; more able to endure As more exposed to suffering and distress; Thence, also, more alive to tenderness. — 'T is he whose law is reason; who depends Upon that law as on the best of friends;

Whence, in a state where men are tempted still To evil for a guard against worse ill, And what in quality or act is best Doth seldom on a right foundation rest, He fixes good on good alone, and owes To virtue every triumph that he knows: - Who, if he rise to station of command, Rises by open means, and there will stand On honorable terms, or else retire, And in himself possess his own desire: Who comprehends his trust, and to the same Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim; And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait For wealth or honors, or for worldly state; Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall, Like showers of manna, if they come at all; Whose powers shed round him, in the common strife Or mild concerns of ordinary life, A constant influence, a peculiar grace; But who, if he be called upon to face Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined Great issues, good or bad for humankind, Is happy as a lover; and attired With sudden brightness, like a man inspired; And through the heat of conflict keeps the law In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw; Or if an unexpected call succeed, Come when it will, is equal to the need: - He who, though thus endued as with a sense And faculty for storm and turbulence,

Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes -Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be. Are at his heart, and such fidelity It is his darling passion to approve; More brave for this, that he hath much to love: 'T is, finally, the man who, lifted high, Conspicuous object in a nation's eye, Or left unthought of in obscurity: Who, with a toward or untoward lot, Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not, Plays, in the many games of life, that one Where what he most doth value must be won; Whom neither shape of danger can dismay Nor thought of tender happiness betray; Who, not content that former worth stand fast, Looks forward, persevering to the last, From well to better, daily self-surpast; Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth Forever and to noble deeds give birth, Or he must go to dust without his fame And leave a dead unprofitable name, Finds comfort in himself and in his cause; And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause: This is the happy warrior; this is he Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1806.

RUGBY CHAPEL.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

COLDLY, sadly descends
The autumn evening. The Field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent:—hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play!
The lights come out in the street,
In the school-room windows—but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere,
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The Chapel walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom Of the autumn evening. But ah! That word, gloom, to my mind Brings thee back in the light Of thy radiant vigor again! In the gloom of November we pass'd Days not of gloom at thy side; Seasons impair'd not the ray Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear. Such thou wast! and I stand In the autumn evening, and think Of by-gone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round Since thou arosest to tread, In the summer morning, the road Of death, at a call unforeseen, Sudden. For fifteen years, We who till then in thy shade Rested as under the boughs Of a mighty oak, have endured Sunshine and rain as we might, Bare, unshaded, alone, Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore Tarriest thou now? For that force, Surely, has not been left vain! Somewhere, surely, afar, In the sounding labor-house vast Of being, is practised that strength, Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live —
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly repressest the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes

Tread the border-land dim 'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st, Succorest!—this was thy work, This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth? —
Most men eddy about
Here and there — eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die —
Perish — and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

And there are some whom a thirst Ardent, unquenchable, fires, Not with the crowd to be spent, Not without aim to go round In an eddy of purposeless dust, Effort unmeaning and vain. Ah yes! some of us strive Not without action to die Fruitless, but something to snatch From dull oblivion, nor all

Glut the devouring grave! We, we have chosen our path — Path to a clear-purposed goal, Path of advance !-- but it leads A long, steep journey, through sunk Gorges, o'er mountains in snow! Cheerful, with friends, we set forth; Then, on the height, comes the storm! Thunder crashes from rock To rock, the cataracts reply: Lightnings dazzle our eyes; Roaring torrents have breach'd The track, the stream-bed descends In the place where the wayfarer once Planted his footstep—the spray Boils o'er its borders! aloft The unseen snow-beds dislodge Their hanging ruin! - alas, Havoc is made in our train! Friends, who set forth at our side, Falter, are lost in the storm. We, we only are left! -With frowning foreheads, with lips Sternly compress'd, we strain on, On - and at nightfall at last Come to the end of our way, To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks; Where the gaunt and taciturn Host Stands on the threshold, the wind Shaking his thin white hairs -

Holds his lantern to scan Our storm-beat figures, and asks, Whom in our party we bring? Whom we have left in the snow?

Sadly we answer: We bring Only ourselves! we lost Sight of the rest in the storm. Hardly ourselves we fought through, Stripp'd, without friends, as we are. Friends, companions, and train, The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou would'st not alone Be saved, my father! alone Conquer and come to thy goal, Leaving the rest in the wild. We were weary, and we Fearful, and we in our march Fain to drop down and to die. Still thou turnedst, and still Beckonedst the trembler, and still Gavest the weary thy hand! If, in the paths of the world, Stones might have wounded thy feet, Toil or dejection have tried Thy spirit, of that we saw Nothing - to us thou wast still Cheerful, and helpful, and firm! Therefore to thee it was given Many to save with thyself;

And, at the end of thy day, O faithful shepherd! to come, Bringing thy sheep in thy hand. And through thee I believe In the noble and great who are gone; Pure souls honor'd and blest By former ages, who else — Such, so soulless, so poor, Is the race of men whom I see -Seem'd but a dream of the heart, Seem'd but a cry of desire. Yes! I believe that there lived Others like thee in the past, Not like the men of the crowd Who all round me to-day Bluster or cringe, and make life Hideous, and arid, and vile; But souls temper'd with fire, Fervent, heroic, and good, Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God!—or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind,
His, who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died!

See! In the rocks of the world Marches the host of mankind. A feeble, wavering line. Where are they tending? - A God Marshall'd them, gave them their goal. -Ah, but the way is so long! Years they have been in the wild! Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks, Rising all round, overawe; Factions divide them, their host Threatens to break, to dissolve. -Ah, keep, keep them combined! Else, of the myriads who fill That army, not one shall arrive; Sole they shall stray; in the rocks Labor forever in vain. Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardor divine.
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, reinspire the brave.

Order, courage, return; Eyes rekindling, and prayers, Follow your steps as ye go. Ye fill up the gaps in our files, Strengthen the wavering line, Stablish, continue our march, On, to the bound of the waste, On, to the City of God.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

BE NOT AFRAID TO PRAY.

BE not afraid to pray — to pray is right.

Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay:
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blesséd time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

PRAYING IN SPIRIT.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." Sr. MATT. vi 6.

I NEED not leave the jostling world, Or wait till daily tasks are o'er, To fold my palms in secret prayer Within the close-shut closet door. There is a viewless, cloistered room,
As high as heaven, as fair as day,
Where, though my feet may join the throng,
My soul can enter in and pray.

When I have banished wayward thoughts, Of sinful works the fruitful seed, When folly wins my ear no more, The closet door is shut indeed.

No human step, approaching, breaks
The blissful silence of the place;
No shadow steals across the light
That falls from my Redeemer's face!

And never through those crystal walls

The clash of life can pierce its way,

Nor ever can a human ear

Drink in the spirit-words I say.

One hearkening, even, cannot know
When I have crossed the threshold o'er,
For He, alone, who hears my prayer,
Has heard the shutting of the door!
HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

HELP FROM PRAYER.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make, What heavy burdens from our bosoms take, What parchéd grounds refresh, as with a shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others — that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

LEAVE THYSELF TO GOD.

C LEAVE thyself to God! and if indeed 'T is given thee to perform so vast a task. Think not at all, —think not, but kneel and ask! O friend! by thought was never creature freed From any sin, from any mortal need; Be patient! not by thought canst thou devise What course of life for thee is right and wise; It will be written up, and thou wilt read. Oft like a sudden pencil of rich light, Piercing the thickest umbrage of the wood, Will shoot, amidst our troubles infinite, The Spirit's voice; oft, like the balmy flood Of morn, surprise the universal night With glory, and make all things sweet and good!

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

FROM "THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER."

THEN, fainting soul, arise and sing:
Mount, but be sober on the wing;
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer,
Be sober, for thou art not there;
Till Death the weary spirit free,
Thy God hath said, 'T is good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight:
Take it on trust a little while;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the full sunshine of His smile.

JOHN KEBLE.

A PRAYER.

BROODING Spirit of Wisdom and of Love,
Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,
Absorb me in Thine own immensity,
And raise me far my finite self above!
Purge vanity away, and the weak care
That name or fame of me may widely spread;
And the deep wish keep burning in their stead,
Thy blissful influence afar to bear,—
Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,
No lack of courage, faith, or love delay
Mine own steps on that high thought-paven way
In which my soul her clear commission sees:
Yet with an equal joy let me behold
Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled!

SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.

A PRAYER.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

LORD! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer Thee,
Alas! but what I can.

Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for Thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in Thy treasury,
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition:
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

O FOR the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty!

O for the times when on my heart Long prayer had never palled, Times when the ready thought of God Would come when it was called! Then when I knelt to meditate, Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul, Countless and bright and beautiful, Beyond my own control.

O who hath locked these fountains up?
Those visions who hath stayed?
What sudden act hath thus transformed
My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will
Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
That come without command.—

If this drear change be Thine, O Lord!

If it be Thy sweet will,

Spare not, but to the very brim

The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
O show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread; —
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

O when the tide of graces set So full upon my heart, I know, dear Lord, how faithlessly I did my little part. But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I can learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more,—

To love Thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much,—
To have Thee with me, Lord, all day,
Yet not to feel Thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord, for hire, Hire which Thy beauty showed, Ah! I can serve Thee now for naught, And only as my God.

O blessed be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
God's great supremacy.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

A H! dearest Lord! I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day
Glows bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear, New hopes start into life, And past and future gayly blend In one bewitching strife.

My very flesh has restless fits;
My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind
My inner self to tire.

I cannot pray; yet, Lord, Thou knowest
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly-struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from Thee.

O Father! teach me how to prize These tedious hours, when I, Foolish and mute, before Thy face, In helpless worship lie.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord,
In weak distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds Thee there.

And prayer that humbles, sets the soul From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly
Dear Lord! it hangs on Thee.

O Father! why should I complain, And why fear aught but sin? Distractions are but outward things; Thy peace dwells far within.

These surface-troubles come and go, Like rufflings of the sea; The deeper depth is out of reach To all, my God, but Thee!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.

WHY dost thou beat so quick, my heart?
Why struggle in thy cage?
What shall I do for thee, poor heart,
Thy throbbing heat to assuage?

What spell is this come over thee?
My soul! what sweet surprise?
And wherefore these unbidden tears
That start into mine eyes?

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord!
Dear Spirit! it is Thou;
Deeper and deeper in my heart
I feel Thee nestling now.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are Thy rest;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;
Thou makest there Thy nest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!

If Thou wilt stay with me,

Of lowly thoughts and simple ways

I'll build a nest for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine, But Thou, my heavenly Guest? Let no one have it then but Thee, And let it be Thy nest.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

MY PRAYER.

ONE gift, my God, I seek, To know Thee always near; To feel Thy hand, to see Thy face, Thy blessed voice to hear.

Where'er I go, my God,
O let me find Thee there:
Where'er I stay, stay Thou with me,
A presence everywhere.

And if Thou bringest peace,
Or if Thou bringest pain,
But come Thyself with all that comes,
And all shall go for gain.

To walk with Thee, my God,
O blessed, blessed grace;
My homely features, Lord, shall shine
For looking in Thy face.

Long listening to Thy words,
My voice shall catch Thy tone,
And locked in Thine, my hand shall grow
All loving like Thine own.

B. T.

ALONE WITH GOD.

A LONE with Thee, my God! alone with Thee!
Thus wouldst Thou have it still—thus let it be;
There is a secret chamber in each mind,
Which none can find

But He who made it — none beside can know
Its joy or woe.

Oft may I enter it, oppressed by care, And find Thee there;

So full of watchful love, Thou know'st the why Of every sigh.

Then all thy righteous dealings shall I see, Alone with Thee, my God! alone with Thee.

The joys of earth are like a summer's day,
Fading away;
But in the twilight we may better trace

Thy wondrous grace.

The homes of earth are emptied oft by death With chilling breath;

The loved departed guest may ope no more
The well-known door:

Still in that chamber sealed Thou 'lt dwell with me, And I with Thee, my God! alone with Thee.

The world's false voice would bid me enter not That hallowed spot;

And earthly thoughts would follow on the track

To hold me back,

Or seek to break the sacred peace within With this world's din.

But, by Thy grace, I 'll cast them all aside, Whate'er betide;

And never let that cell deserted be, Where I may dwell alone, my God, with Thee.

The war may rage!— keep thou the citadel, And all is well.

And when I learn the fulness of Thy love
With Thee above —

When every heart oppressed by hidden grief Shall gain relief —

When every weary soul shall find its rest

Amidst the blest —

Then all my heart, from sin and sorrow free, Shall be a temple meet, my God, for Thee.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

HATHER! replenish with Thy grace
This longing heart of mine,
Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine!
Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares,
Enfold her in Thy changeless peace,
So she from all but Thee may cease!

ANGELUS SILESIUS, 1657.

HYMN AND PRAYER.

In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen, — yet not unfelt, — if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth, — or pure desire,
A generous act, or noble purpose brought,
It is Thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of Thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling
That I may live to glorify Thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on Thee still.

I am unworthy. — Yet for their dear sake
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found,
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
Young plants are warmed, they drink my branches'
dew;

Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded; Make me for their sake firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake, too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those who have found in me some trace of gold,
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest,
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
When on His soul the guilt of man was pressed.

Tender and sensitive, He braved the storm,
That we might fly a well-deserved fate,
Poured out His soul in supplication warm,
With eyes of love looked into eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,

Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed;

Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make me clean!

O speak the word,— Thy servant shall be healed!

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

"O let not the Lord be angry, and I will pray but this once."

EMPTIED of good, with many cares oppressed, Full oft I long to cast them on Thy breast; But not that I may lose them, Love Divine, O rather craving Thou wouldst count them Thine.

They are not cares for my poor wants nor loss; Their sorrows — whom I love — are my worse cross: Do as Thou wilt with me, all shall me please, Only be gracious, Perfect Love, to these

Whose souls I thus present before Thy Throne. It is not hard to trust Thee with mine own, — But these — they mourn for griefs, they may not flee, And I can tell them, Lord, to none but Thee.

O might I pray, "Do Thou as I would do For those I love — were my love strong as true;" But who may ask Thee thus, though, long withstood, He mourneth after God and after good?

"As I would do." Ah! now methinks I hear Thy comforting, kind voice, my Lord, most dear; I feel Thy grace, Thy sweetness on me shine— Poor as my treasure-store of love to Thine. What wouldst Thou have me learn?—my trust, my all; I call down blessings—grief and trouble fall.—
And yet Thy heavenly whisper teacheth me
Love is of God, and mine is born of Thee.

There is but one love, and its will is one; But Thy love seeth all things — my love none. Mine eyes are held, for so, and only so, My love would cast their lot, if I might know.

Then take, Lord, on Thyself my load of care, Kind to my fear, and gentle with my prayer; With these it shall be well, my rest is one, Because Thou lovest them most — Thy will be done.

THE GIFT.

"Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." HEBREWS X. 35, 36.

"A LL things are yours!" Yea, Lord, I know it;
But oh, how cold my heart must be,
To doubt the love that can bestow it,
And tarry still afar from Thee!

I claim Thy gift; I come to plead it; Behold, I take Thee at Thy word; Thou seest how much to-day I need it— Help for the helpless, gracious Lord! Look on my sick, my dumb, my dying,

Touch Thou my blind that they may see;
This broken heart, in anguish sighing,—
I bring them one and all to Thee.

My heart's best treasures, here I give them, To be within Thy temple stored; And as life's landmarks there I leave them, "Because I asked them of the Lord."

When love would fail in fruitless yearning,
Thy golden censer wafts my prayers;
I see the perfumed incense burning:
All things are mine, all things are theirs.

I bring the care sharp and oppressing, The way perplexed, the path untrod; This feeble service for Thy blessing, Oh, crown it "Given thee of God!"

I ask for patience, faith, and meekness,
And love divine that all endures:
Give me Thy strength to meet my weakness,
Since Thou hast said, "All things are yours."

I bring the sin my soul distressing,
That Thou mayst cleanse me pure and white;
The faint foreboding past expressing,
But clear before Thy searching sight.

Oh, let me feel Thee ever nigh me!
And seek Thy smile all gifts above;
No good thing will Thy grace deny me,
The object of Thy changeless love.

Thus shall I tread the rolling billow,
Looking to Him who hears it roar;
Thy hand my guide, Thy breast my pillow,
Lord, let me trust, and doubt no more!

Safe in the bark Thou bad'st me enter,
I'll triumph in Thy power divine;
And on Thy word my all I venture,
For Thou hast said, "All things are mine."

ANNA SHIPTON.

THE NIGHT SERVICE.

"Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord." PSALM CXXXIV. 1.

FROM the awaking of the glorious sun
In the far chambers of the crystal east,
To where he goeth down in pomp and power
Beyond the western seas, the name of God
Is to be blessed and praised.

In morning hours, When the sweet singing voice of birds is heard On every side, when mighty forests wake And stretch their hands to God, when through the earth The breath of life is blowing, — then the Saints Arise from sleep and sing.

And through the long bright day There is no silence, for at every hour Some soul is praising God.

But who shall praise God in the Night? The Night, that lays her finger on the lips Of men, and hushes them to something like The calm of Death? Now sleeps the prisoner, And the oppressor sleeps; the wicked cease From troubling, and the weary are at rest. Ah, who shall praise Him in the Night? the Night, That stretcheth mournful wings from shore to shore, Till silent lie the singers of the world Beneath the shadow.

It is the Night:

And in the Temple of the Lord, not made
By mortal hands, the lights are burning low
Before the altar. Clouds of darkness fill
The vastness of the sacred aisles. The dumb
And breathless Spirit of the Night is here
In all his power; no rushing mighty wind
Of organ-harmonies is sweeping down
The shadowy place. A few short hours ago,
And all the Temple-courts were thronged with those
Who worshipped and gave thanks, before they went
To take their rest. Then many voices joined
To sing the praise of God; but who shall bless
His name at midnight?

Lo! a band of pale Yet joyful priests do minister around The altar, where the lights are burning low,
In the breathless Night. Each grave brow wears the
crown

Of sorrow, and each heart is kept awake By its own restless pain, for these are they To whom the night-watch is appointed. See! They lift their hands, and bless God in the Night! Whilst we are sleeping, those to whom the King Has measured out a cup of sorrow, sweet With His dear love, yet very hard to drink, Are waking in His Temple, and the eyes That cannot sleep for sorrow or for pain Are lifted up to heaven; and sweet low songs, Broken by patient tears, arise to God. Bless ve the Lord, ve servants of the Lord, Which stand by Night within His Holy Place To give Him worship! Ye are priests to Him, And minister around the altar, pale Yet joyful in the Night.

The priests must serve,
Each in his course, and we must stand in turn
Awake with sorrow, in the Temple dim,
To bless the Lord by Night. We will not fear
When we are called at midnight, by some stroke
Of sudden pain, to rise and minister
Before the Lord. We, too, will bless His name
In the solemn Night, and stretch our hands to Him.

BARBARA MACANDREW.

TRUST AND ADORATION.

WITHIN.

WITHIN! within, O turn
Thy spirit's eyes, and learn
Thy wandering senses gently to control;
Thy dearest Friend dwells deep within thy soul,
And asks thyself of thee,
That heart, and mind, and sense, He may make whole
In perfect harmony.
Doth not thy inmost spirit yield
And sink where Love stands thus revealed?
Be still and veil thy face,
The Lord is here, this is His holy place!
Then back to earth, and 'mid its toil and throng
One glance within will keep thee calm and strong;
And when the toil is o'er, how sweet, O God, to flee
Within, to Thee!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

ADORATION.

I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy life I live.
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.

Thou, Lord, alone, art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In Thee the blest abide, —
Fountain of life, and all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

MADAME GUYON.

COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.

COMMIT thy way to God,
The weight which makes thee faint;
Worlds are to him no load,
To Him breathe thy complaint.
He who for winds and clouds
Maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes, or hostile crowds,
Can make a way for thee.

Thou must in Him be blest,
Ere bliss can be secure;
On His work must thou rest,
If thy work shall endure.
To anxious, prying thought,
And weary, fretting care,
The Highest yieldeth nought;
He giveth all to prayer.

Father! Thy faithful love,
Thy mercy, wise and mild,
Sees what will blessing prove,
Or what will hurt Thy child.
And what Thy wise foreseeing,
Doth for Thy children choose,
Thou bringest into being,
Nor sufferest them to lose.

Hope, then, though woes be doubled,
Hope, and be undismayed;
Let not thy heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid.
This prison where thou art,
Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light thy heart
In His own blessed noon.

Up! up! the day is breaking,Say to thy cares, good-night!Thy troubles from thee shaking,Like dreams in day's fresh light.

Thou we arest not the crown,

Nor the best course can tell;
God sitteth on the throne,

And guideth all things well.

PAUL GERHARDT.

Translated by ELIZABETH CHARLES.

I.

"HE MADE THE STARS ALSO."

WHEN the ardent sun rides high, Then the uncorrupt pure blue Shows itself a worldless sky; Children, thus it shows to you.

When the sun withdraws his light, Lo! the stars of God are there; Present hosts unseen till night— Matchless, countless, silent, fair.

Children, oft when joy shines clear
Lost is hold of hope divine;
Then the night of grief draws near,
And God's countless comforts shine.

As its darkness deep outbars
All things else they start to view;
Mercies, countless as the stars —
Matchless, changeless, perfect, true.

II.

"HE HATH PUT THE WORLD IN THEIR HEARTS."

A^S the veil of broidery fine
For the temple wrought of old,
Dropped before the awful shrine,
Bloomed in purple, gleamed in gold;

So the broidered earth and sky,
Ever present, always near,
Charm the soul and fill the eye—
Marvellous, matchless, beauteous, dear.

While the veil our God hath wrought Hangs before the holy place, It must reign o'er sight and thought, Drawn between us and His face.

When the veil is rent in twain
Shall the present God appear;
We shall see Him then full fain—
Matchless, changeless, perfect, fair.

Jean Ingelow.

THE RESTING-PLACE AMID CHANGES.

A LL things hang on our possessing
God's free love and grace and blessing,
Though all earthly wealth depart;
He who God for his hath taken,
'Mid the changing world unshaken
Keeps a free heroic heart.

He who hitherto hath fed me,
And to many a joy hath led me,
Is and ever shall be mine;
He who did so gently school me,
He who still doth guide and rule me,
Will not leave me now to pine.

Shall I weary me with fretting
O'er vain trifles, and regretting
Things that never can remain?
I will strive but that to win me
That can shed true rest within me,
Rest the world must seek in vain.

When my heart with longing sickens, Hope again my courage quickens, For my wish shall be fulfilled, If it please His love most tender; Life and soul I all surrender Unto Him on whom I build.

Well He knows how best to grant me All the longing hopes that haunt me, All things have their proper day; I would dictate to Him never, As God wills, so be it ever, When He wills, I will obey.

If on earth He bids me linger, He will guide me with His finger Through the years that now look dim; All that earth has fleets and changes As a river onward ranges, But I rest in peace on Him.

Anonymous. In a Nuremberg Hymn-book of 1676,

"Though I take the wings of the morning."

SWEET are His ways who rules above, He gives from wrath a sheltering place; But covert none is found from grace, Man shall not hide himself from love.

What though I take to me the wide
Wings of the morning, and forth fly,
Faster He goes, whose care on high
Shepherds the stars and doth them guide.

What though the tents foregone, I roam
Till day wax dim lamenting me;
He wills that I shall sleep to see
The great gold stairs to His sweet home.

What though the press I pass before,
And climb the branch, He lifts His face;
I am not secret from His grace
Lost in the leafy sycamore.

What though denied with murmuring deep I shame my Lord, —it shall not be; For He will turn and look on me, Then must I think thereon and weep.

The nether depth, the heights above, Nor alleys pleached of Paradise, Nor Herod's judgment-halls suffice: Man shall not hide himself from love.

JEAN INGELOW.

"In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

THE measureless gulfs of air are full of Thee:
Thou art, and therefore hang the stars; they wait
And swim, and shine in God who bade them be,
And hold their sundering voids inviolate.

A God concerned (veiled in pure light) to bless,
With sweet revealing of His love, the soul;
Towards things piteous, full of piteousness;
The Cause, the Life, and the continuing Whole.

He is more present to all things He made
Than anything unto itself can be;
Full-foliaged boughs of Eden could not shade
Afford, since God was also 'neath the tree.

Thou knowest me altogether; I knew not
Thy likeness till Thou madest it manifest.
There is no world but is Thy heaven; no spot
Remote; Creation leans upon Thy breast.

Thou art beyond all stars, yet in my heart
Wonderful whisperings hold Thy creature dumb;
I need not search afar; to me Thou art
Father, Redeemer, and Renewer—come.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE FLOWER.

H OW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns! even as the flowers in spring;
To which besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,

As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart Could have recovered greenness? It has gone Quite under ground; as flowers depart To see their mother-root, when they have blown;

Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power, Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell And up to heaven in an hour; Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amiss
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were, Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither! Many a spring I shoot up fair, Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither: Nor doth my flower Want a spring-shower, My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.

Who would be more, Swelling through store, Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

GEORGE HERBERT.

PERFECTION.

O HOW the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth.

God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye, Can win their way above; If mountains can be moved by faith, Is there less power in love?

The freedom from all wilful sin,
The Christian's daily task,—
O these are graces far below
What longing love would ask!

Good is the cloister's silent shade, Cold watch and pining fast; Better the mission's wearing strife, If there thy lot be cast.

Yet none of these perfection needs: —
Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say.

O keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss;
And go where grace entices thee;
Perfection lies in this.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide, Love Him as He loves thee; Time and obedience are enough, And thou a saint shalt be!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

RECEIVING.

"Non vox sed votum, non chordula musica sed cor, Non clamans sed amans, cantat in aure Dei."

MY heart is fixed on One above,—
To win His smile, to please His eyes
My heart is fain: because I love,
I serve,—nor yet with tears and sighs;
By patient duty love must rise,—
And late and early, far and near
I sought Him gifts; to Him are dear
The things that others still despise.

I sought for Him in Spring-time cold; The trembling palm that comes in haste, The little crocus all in gold, The slender snow-drop, and the bold Mezereon, on its leafless stem, Fair things that do not fear to waste Their gentle souls! and after them

Another store I chanced to find Of things forgotten, left behind.

Some soft white fleece by briers torn From off the flock, — some ear of corn Dropt careless from the gleaner's breast, The last red berry on the thorn, Or prize of some forsaken nest.

There came on earth a weary time; If this be Autumn, where is now The fruit upon the laden bough, The harvest redd'ning in the broad Calm sunshine, where the squirrels' hoard, The winding clear of hunter's horn? Leaves only, withered leaves I found; A mournful silence, mournful sound Of wind that rustled through the sere, Stark boughs, and from the shrunken ear Shook out the thin and blighted corn.

But while I mourned thereat, more clear Than song of bird at Autumn eve, A voice was borne upon mine ear, A voice that said, "Why wilt thou grieve, And must I still from thee receive? How hast thou learnt which pleaseth best, The gift thou bringest, or the free Firm open palm held up to me? The less is of the greater blest."

"Oh then," I said, "at this Thy word I take Thee now, through zeal I erred, Through love, that bids me now confess My fault; to give be Thine; to bless Is Thine; dear Lord, to Thee I leave The greater blessing! with the less, So well content I will not grieve From Thee forever to receive,

"And still receive! and never cease To gaze on all this wealth of Thine, To joy in all Thy flocks' increase, Far more than if my cup with wine And oil ran o'er, and store of wheat In finest flour, and honey sweet From out the stony rock were mine!

"'To give than to receive more blest!'
Thou saidest. Oh, Thou Giver free!
Good measure, shaken down and press'd
Together, now I ask from Thee;
Oh! give to me, dear Lord, and still
Increase Thy boons! make broad the place
Where Thou dost dwell in me, and fill
My hands with gifts, my heart with grace;
But let me look upon Thy face.
What need to mourn if Thou on mine
But little comeliness should trace
When love can give me all of Thine?

The loved are fair, the loved are dressed In garments rich and fresh and rare.

Oh! bless Thou me and I am blest,

Oh! love Thou me and I am fair!"

DORA GREENWELL

NO FEAR.

"I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Ps. XXIII. 4.

In Heavenly Love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,—
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.

My hope I cannot measure, My path to life is free, My Father has my treasure, And He will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING.

REST IN GOD.

YEA, my spirit fain would sink
In Thy heart and hands, my God,
Waiting till Thou show the end
Of the ways she here hath trod;
Stripped of self, how calm her rest
On her loving Father's breast!

And my soul complaineth not,
For she knows not pain or fear,
Clinging to her God in faith,
Trusting though He slay her here.
'T is when flesh and blood repine,
Sun of joy, Thou canst not shine.

Thus my soul before her God
Lieth still, nor speaketh more,
Conqueror thus o'er pain and wrong
That once smote her to the core;
Like a silent ocean, bright
With her God's great praise and light.

WINKLER, 1713.

PSALM CXXI.

UP to those bright and gladsome hills
Whence flows my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him who fills
Unseen both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope, That I shall not be moved; His watchful eye is ever ope, And guardeth His beloved.

The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade;
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd, Or else within my door, He is my pillar and my cloud, Now and for evermore.

HENRY VAUGHAN

THY WILL.

TAKE Thine own way with me, dear Lord,
Thou canst not otherwise than bless;
I launch me forth upon a sea
Of boundless love and tenderness.

I will not fear Thee, O my God!

The days to come can only bring
Their perfect sequences of love,
Thy larger, deeper comforting.

Beneath the splendor of Thy choice, Thy perfect choice for me, I rest; Outside it now I dare not live, Within it I must needs be blest.

Oh! it is life indeed to live
Within this kingdom strangely sweet;
And yet we fear to enter in,
And linger with unwilling feet.

We fear this wondrous rule of Thine,
Because we have not reached Thy heart;
Not venturing our all on Thee,
We may not know how good Thou art.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

GOD'S SUPPORT.

EVEN as a nurse, whose child's imperfect pace Can hardly lead his foot from place to place, Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go, Nor does uphold him for a step or two; But when she finds that he begins to fall, She holds him up and kisses him withal:—

So God from man sometimes withdraws His hand Awhile, to teach his infant faith to stand; But when He sees his feeble strength begin To fail, He gently takes him up again.

QUARLES

JOY IN THE LORD.

A H, dearest Lord! to feel that Thou art near Brings deepest peace, and hushes every fear; To see Thy smile, to hear Thy gracious voice, Makes soul and body inwardly rejoice

With praise and thanks.

We cannot see as yet Thy glorious face.

Not yet our eyes behold its love and grace,
But Thee our inmost soul can surely feel,
Oh clearly, Lord, canst Thou Thyself reveal,
Though all unseen!

Oh well for him who ever day and night Should only seek to feed on Thee aright! In him a well of joy forever springs, And all day long his heart is glad and sings: Who is like Thee?

For Thou dost love to meet us as a Friend, Our comfort, healing, hope, and joy to send; Patient to pity and to calm our woe, And daily to forgive us all we owe Of Thy rich grace. Whene'er we weep soon bid our tears to cease,
And make us feel how strong Thy love and peace;
And let the soul see Thee within, and learn
From need and love alike to Thee to turn
With ceaseless gaze.

So shall we all, until Thy heaven we see,
Like children evermore be glad in Thee,
Though many a time the sudden tear may start,—
If only Thou wilt touch the throbbing heart,
And still is pain!

CHRISTIAN GREGOR, 1778

CHILDLIKE.

DO like a child, and lean and rest
Upon thy Father's arm;
Pour out thy troubles on His breast,
And thou shalt know no harm;
Then shalt thou by His hand be brought,
By ways which now thou knowest not,
Up through a well-fought fight,
To heavenly peace and light.

PAUL GERHARDT

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

WHEN first I saw true beauty, and Thy joys Active as light, and calm without all noise, Shined on my soul, I felt through all my powers Such a rich air of sweets, as evening showers Fanned by a gentle gale convey, and breathe On some parched bank, crowned with a flowery wreath; Odors, and myrrh, and balm in one rich flood, O'erran my heart, and spirited my blood; My thoughts did swim in comforts, and mine eye Confessed the world did only paint and lie. And where before I did no safe course steer, But wandered under tempests all the year; Went bleak and bare in body as in mind, And was blown through by every storm and wind, I am so warmed now by this glance on me, That midst all storms I feel a ray of Thee. So have I known some beauteous paysage rise In sudden flowers and arbors to my eyes, And in the depth and dead of winter bring To my cold thoughts a lively sense of spring.

Thus fed by Thee, who dost all beings nourish, My withered leaves again look green and flourish: I shine and shelter underneath Thy wing, Where sick with love I strive Thy name to sing; Thy glorious name! which grant I may so do, That these may be Thy praise, and my joy too!

HENRY VAUGHAN

FROM "THE PRELUDE."

WHEN first I made Once more the circuit of our little lake, If ever happiness hath lodged with man, That day consummate happiness was mine, Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative. The sun was set, or setting, when I left Our cottage door, and evening soon brought on A sober hour, not winning or serene, For cold and raw the air was, and untuned: But as a face we love is sweetest then When sorrow damps it, or whatever look It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart Have fulness in herself: even so with me It fared that evening. Gently did my soul Put off her veil. and self-transmuted, stood Naked, as in the presence of her God. While on I walked, a comfort seemed to touch A heart that had not been disconsolate: Strength came where weakness was not known to be, At least not felt; and restoration came Like an intruder knocking at the door Of unacknowledged weariness. I took The balance, and with firm hand weighed myself. - Of that external scene which round me lay, Little, in this abstraction, did I see, Remembered less: but I had inward hopes And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and soothed,

Conversed with promises, had glimmering views
How life pervades the undecaying mind;
How the immortal soul with Godlike power
Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep
That time can lay upon her; how on earth,
Man, if he do but live within the light
Of high endeavors, daily spreads abroad
His being armed with strength that cannot fail.
Nor was there want of milder thoughts, of love
Of innocence, and holiday repose;
And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the stir
Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end
At last, or glorious, by endurance won.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CHANGE.

FATHER! there is no change to live with Thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on the way;
The morning comes with blushes overspread,
And I new-wakened find a morn within;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn;
Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend,
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not Thy love its kind protection lend,
That I a child might sleep awhile on Thee,
Till to the light restored by gentle sleep
With new-found zeal I might Thy precepts keep.

JONES VERY.

ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.

"Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee." Gen. xiii. 17.

"All things are yours . . . things present." 1 Cor. iii. 22, 23.

WHILE toil and warfare urge us on our way,
And heart is answering heart in signs of pain,
Have we no words of strengthening joy to say—
No songs for those who suffer but to reign?

Behold, the paths of life are ours — we see Our blest inheritance where'er we tread; Sorrow and danger our security, And disappointment lifting up our head.

Kings unto God, we may not doubt our power,
We may not languish when He says, "Be strong"—
We must move on through every adverse hour,
And take possession as we pass along.

We need no haste where he has said "Be still"—
No peace where He has charged us to contend;
Only the fearless love to do His will,
And to show forth His honor to the end.

O ye that faint and die, arise and live! Sing, ye that all things have a charge to bless! If He is faithful who hath sworn to give, Then be ye also faithful, and possess. Take thy whole portion with thy Master's mind —
Toil, hindrance, hardness, with his virtue take —
And think how short a time thy heart may find
To labor or to suffer for his sake.

Ours be a loyal love for service tried,

To show, by deeds and words and looks that cheer,
How he can bless the scene in which he died,
And fill his house with glory even here.

ANNA L. WARING

CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the scope
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might grow faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls; but since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? at least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

GOD'S PRESENCE THE SOURCE OF ALL JOY.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." PSALM XVI. 11.

O FRIEND of souls, 't is well with me Whene'er Thy love my spirit calms! From sorrow's dungeon forth I flee,
And hide me in Thy sheltering arms. The night of weeping flies away
Before the heart-reviving ray
Of love, that beams from out Thy breast;
Here is my heaven on earth begun;
Who were not joyful had he won
In Thee, O God, his joy and rest!

Through deserts of the cross Thou leadest,
I follow leaning on Thy hand;
From out the clouds Thy child Thou feedest,
And giv'st him water from the sand.
I know Thy wondrous ways will end
In love and blessing, Thou true Friend,
Enough, if Thou art ever near!
I know, whom Thou wilt glorify,
And raise o'er sun and stars on high,
Thou lead'st through depths and darkness here.

To others Death seems dark and grim, But not, Thou Life of life, to me; I know Thou ne'er forsakest him Whose heart and spirit rest in Thee. Oh who would fear his journey's close, If from dark woods and lurking foes, He then find safety and release? Nay, rather with a joyful heart From this dark region I depart, To Thy eternal light and peace.

O Friend of souls, 'tis well indeed
With me, when on Thy love I lean!
The world, nor pain, nor death I heed,
Since Thou, my God, my joy hast been.
Oh let this peace that Thou hast given
Be but a foretaste of Thy heaven,
For goodness infinite is Thine.
Hence, world, with all thy flattering toys!
In God alone lie all my joys;
Oh rich delight, my Friend is mine!

WOLFGANG DESSLER, 1692

ON A LONG AND PERILOUS JOURNEY.

WHERE'ER I go, whate'er my task,
The counsel of my God I ask,
Who all things hath and can;
Unless He give both thought and deed
The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
And vain the wisest plan.

For what can all my toil avail? My care, my watching all must fail, Unless my God is there; Then let Him order all for me As He in wisdom shall decree; On Him I cast my care.

For nought can come, as nought hath been, But what my Father hath foreseen, And what shall work my good; Whate'er He gives me I will take, Whate'er He chooses I will make My choice with thankful mood.

When late at night my rest I take,
When early in the morn I wake,
Halting or on my way,
In hours of weakness or in bonds,
When vexed with fears my heart desponds,
His promise is my stay.

Since then my course is traced by Him I will not fear that future dim,
But go to meet my doom,
Well knowing nought can wait me there
Too hard for me through Him to bear;
I yet shall overcome.

To Him myself I wholly give, At His command I die or live, I trust His love and power; Whether to-morrow or to-day His summons come, I will obey, He knows the proper hour. Then, oh my soul, be ne'er afraid,
On Him who thee and all things made
Do thou all calmly rest;
Whate'er may come, where'er we go,
Our Father in the heavens must know
In all things what is best.

PAUL FLEMMING, 1631.

GOD IS FAITHFUL.

"God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." I COR. 1. 6.

BOWED with a burden none can weigh save Thee, Strength of my life, on Thee I cast my care; My heart must prove its own infirmity,
But what shall move me, if my God be there?

Oh for a thankful song with every breath,
While amid fading flowers and withering grass,
I, with Thee, through the grave and gate of death,
On to my joyful resurrection pass.

Armed with the spirit of my Master's mind,
How shall I spare a thought that he would slay!
Lord, I would leave those things that are behind,
And press towards Heaven through all the narrow way.

Bright be my prospect as I pass along; —
An ardent service at the cost of all, —
Love by untiring ministry made strong,
And ready for the first, the softest call.

Yes, God is faithful — and my lot is cast;
Oh, not myself to serve, my own to be!
Light of my life, the darkness now is past,
And I beneath the cross can work for Thee.

ANNA L. WARING.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

OUR yet unfinished story Is tending all to this: To God the greatest glory, To us the greatest bliss.

If all things work together
For ends so grand and blest,
What need to wonder whether
Each in itself is best!

If some things were omitted Or altered as we would, The whole might be unfitted To work for perfect good.

Our plans may be disjointed, But we may calmly rest: What God has once appointed Is better than our best.

We cannot see before us, But our all-seeing Friend Is always watching o'er us, And knows the very end. What though we seem to stumble, He will not let us fall; And learning to be humble Is not lost time at all.

What though we fondly reckoned,
A smoother way to go
Than where His hand has beckoned,
It will be better so.

And when amid our blindness
His disappointments fall,
We trust His loving-kindness
Whose wisdom sends them all.

Then tremble not and shrink not When Disappointment nears; Be trustful still, and think not To realize all fears.

While we are meekly kneeling, We shall behold her rise, Our Father's love revealing, An angel in disguise.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

OUR STRONGHOLD OF HOPE.

GOD liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Our God is good, in every place
His love is known, His help is found;
His mighty arm, and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round;
Easier than we think can He
Turn to joy our agony;
Soul, remember 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!

He who can earth and heaven control,

Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,

Whose presence fills the mighty Whole,

In each true heart is close at hand;

Love Him, He will surely send

Help and joy that never end.

Soul, remember in thy pains,

God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
When sins and follies long forgot
Upon thy tortured conscience prey,
Oh, come to God, and fear Him not,
His love shall sweep them all away.

Pains of hell at look of His Change to calm content and bliss. Soul, remember in thy pains, God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
God gently to His bosom takes,
And bids them all His fulness know;
In thy sorrows' swelling flood
Own His hand who seeks thy good.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!

What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom,

Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness
He will give thee peace and gladness;
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

ZIHN, 1682

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." ISA. xxvi. 3.

O THIS is blessing, this is rest—
Into Thine arms, O Lord, I flee:
I hide me in Thy faithful breast,
And pour out all my soul to Thee.
O tenderness—O truth divine!
Lord, I am altogether Thine.
I have bowed down,—I need not flee—Peace, peace is mine in trusting Thee.

And now I count supremely kind
The rule that once I thought severe;
And precious to my altered mind,
At length, Thy least reproofs appear.
Now to the love that casts out fear,
Mercy and truth indeed seem one;
Why should I hold my ease so dear?
The work of training must be done.
I must be taught what I would know—
I must be led where I would go—
And all the rest ordained for me,
Till that which is not seen I see
Is to be found in trusting Thee.

ANNA L. WARING

TO MYSELF.

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful,
Be still:

Be still;
What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow About to-morrow,

My heart?

One watches all with care most true, Doubt not that He will give thee too Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,

Nor seek earth's favor,

But rest:

Thou knowest what God wills must be For all His creatures, so for thee,

The best.

PAUL FLEMMING, 1609-1640.

CONFIDO ET CONQUIESCO.

"Scit; potest; vult: quid est quod timeamus."

St. Ignatius

FRET not, poor soul: while doubt and fear Disturb thy breast,
The pitying angels, who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, Trust and Rest.

Plan not, nor scheme, — but calmly wait;
His choice is best.
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right,
So Trust and Rest.

Strive not, nor struggle: thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will;
All power is His alone: Be still,
And Trust and Rest.

Desire not: self-love is strong
Within thy breast;
And yet He loves thee better still,
So let Him do His loving will,
And Trust and Rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns
Supreme confessed;
His power is infinite; His love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above;
So Trust and Rest.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

ONLY THINE.

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear,—
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who soon shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who soon o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers,
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER (ANGELUS SILESIUS), 1657

THOU knowest that I am not blest
As Thou would'st have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in Thee;
And still I seek 'mid many fears,
With yearnings unexprest,
The comfort of Thy strengthening love,
Thy soothing, settling rest.
And while I wait for all Thy joys,
My yearning heart to fill,
Teach me to walk and work with Thee,
And at Thy feet sit still.

ANNA L. WARING.

"All things work together for good to them that love God." ROMANS viii. 28.

WHAT a load of struggle and distress
Falls off before the cross! The feverish care;
The wish that we were other than we are;
The sick regrets; the yearnings numberless;
The thought, "this might have been," so apt to press

On the reluctant soul; even past despair, Past sin itself - all - all is turned to fair, Aye! to a scheme of ordered happiness, So soon as we love God, or rather know That God loves us! - Accepting the great pledge Of His concern for all our wants and woe, We cease to tremble upon danger's edge; While varying troubles form and burst anew, Safe in a Father's arms we smile as infants do!

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND.

HEAVEN AND THE SAINTS.

FROM "ELEANORA."

A S precious gums are not for lasting fire, They but perfume the temple, and expire; So was she soon exhaled, and vanished hence: A short, sweet odor, of a vast expense. She vanished, we can scarcely say she died; For but a now did heaven and earth divide: She passed serenely with a single breath; This moment perfect health, the next was death: As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue, Or, one dream passed, we slide into a new; So close they follow, such wild order keep. We think ourselves awake, and are asleep: So softly death succeeded life in her: She did but dream of heaven, and she was there. No pains she suffered, nor expired with noise; Her soul was whispered out with God's still voice. IOHN DRYDEN.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON,

MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED 16 DECEMBER, 1646.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,

Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavor
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss forever.
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best,
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

JOHN MILTON.

"SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS."

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone Half hidden from the eye! Fair as a star, when only one Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know When Lucy ceased to be; But she is in her grave, and, oh, The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1799.

ELEGY ON MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY.

SHE, of whose soul, if we may say, 't was gold, Her body was the Electrum, and did hold Many degrees of that; we understood Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, That one might almost say, her body thought.

She whom we celebrate is gone before:
She who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
(Hearing and speaking to Him), as to know
His face in any natural stone or tree
Better than when in images they be:

Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day; Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray: Who, being here filled with grace, yet strove to be Both where more grace and more capacity At once is given. She to Heaven is gone, Who made this world in some proportion A Heaven, and here became unto us all Ioy (as our joys admit) essential.

JOHN DONNE.

THE good, — they drop around us, one by one, Like stars, when morning breaks; though lost to sight,

Around us are they still in Heaven's own light, Building their mansions in the purer zone Of the invisible; when round are thrown Shadows of sorrow, still serenely bright To faith they gleam; and blest be sorrow's night That brings the o'erarching heavens in silence down, A mantle set with orbs unearthly fair! Alas! to us they are not, though they dwell, Divinely dwell in memory; while life's sun Declining, bids us for the night prepare; That we, with urns of light, and our task done, May stand with them in lot unchangeable.

ISAAC WILLIAMS

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

THE hand of Death lay heavy on her eyes, —
For weeks and weeks her vision had not borne
To meet the tenderest light of eve or morn,
To see the crescent moonbeam set or rise,
Or palest twilight creep across the skies:
She lay in darkness, seemingly forlorn,
With sharp and ceaseless anguish racked and torn,
Yet calm with that one peace which never dies.
Closed was for her the gate of visual sense,
This world and all its beauty lost in night;
But the pure soul was all ablaze with light,
And through that gloom she saw, with gaze intense,
Celestial glories, hid from fleshly sight,
And heard angelic voices call her hence.

JOHN MOULTRIE

FROM "WALLENSTEIN."

HE is gone—is dust.

He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!

For him there is no longer any future,

His life is bright,—bright without spot it was

And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour

Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.

Far off is he, above desire and fear;

No more submitted to the change and chance

Of the unsteady planets. O't is well

With him! but who knows what the coming hour

Veiled in thick darkness brings for us!

That anguish will be wearied down, I know;
What pang is permanent with man? from the highest
As from the vilest thing of every day
He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The beautiful is vanished — and returns not.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

Translated by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

FROM "LACRYMÆ PATERNÆ."

WHY, day by day, this painful questioning?
I know that it is well. I know that there
(O where?) thou hast protectors, guardians, friends,
If such be needed: angel companies
Move round thee: mighty spirits lead thy thoughts

Move round thee: mighty spirits lead thy thoughts To founts of knowledge which we never saw.

I know that thou art happy — fresh desire Springing each day, and each day satisfied:

God's glorious works all open to thy view,
His blessed creatures thine — where pain nor death
Disturbs not, nor divides. All this I know —

But O for one short sight of what I know!

HENRY ALFORDA

FROM "LAODAMIA."

HE spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there
In happier beauty: more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

PEACE.

MY soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend
And (O my soul! awake)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst but get thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN

THE FUTURE LIFE.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?

That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given!

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,

And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past, And meekly with my harsher nature bore, And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last, Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar — that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this —
The wisdom which is love — till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TO MARY WORDSWORTH.

O DEARER far than light and life are dear, Full oft our human foresight I deplore; Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more! Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,
Mix with the day and cross the hour of rest;
While all the future, for thy purer soul,
With "sober certainties" of love is blest.

If a faint sigh, not meant for human ear, Tell that these words thy humbleness offend, Cherish me still — else faltering in the rear Of a steep march; uphold me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
And love is dutiful in thought and deed;
Through thee communion with that Love I seek;
The faith Heaven strengthens where He moulds the creed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MAKE ME TO BE NUMBERED WITH THY SAINTS.

O WHEN my God, my glory, brings
His white and holy train
Unto those clear and living springs
Where comes no stain!

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,
And joy, and rest,
Make me amongst them, 't is my suit!
The last one and the least.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,
Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.

A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart

No man of iron mould and bloody hands,

Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands

The passions that consumed his restless heart;

But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,

Gentlest in mien and mind

Of gentlest in men and mind
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame:
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that moulders here Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,

And armies mustered at the sign, as when Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East, — Gray captains leading bands of veteran men And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast. Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave The victory to her who fills this grave:

Alone her task was wrought, Alone the battle fought;

Through that long strife her constant hope was staid On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,

And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from her path.

By that victorious hand despair was slain,
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good, in her great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes
rung,

And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!

And he who, long before,

Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,

The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet, Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat; He who returning, glorious, from the grave, Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;

Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.

O gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go,

Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.

Brief is the time, I know,

The warfare scarce begun,

Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.

Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee;

The victors' names are yet too few to fill

Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory,

That ministered to thee, is open still.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LIFE.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part,
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together, Through pleasant and through cloudy weather; 'T is hard to part when friends are dear,— Perhaps't will cost a sigh, a tear; Then steal away, give little warning, Choose thine own time; Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime Bid me Good Morning.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

I T is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere!

A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shewed them me
To kindle my cold love

Dear, beauteous death; the jewel of the just! Shining nowhere but in the dark; What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust, Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know At first sight if the bird be flown; But what fair dell or grove he sings in now, That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,

Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,

She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all Created glories under thee! Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,
Where with the choir of saints forevermore
I shall be made Thy music, as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

JOHN DONNE.

FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH.

I came to the place of my birth and cried, "The friends of my youth, where are they?" and an echo answered, "Where are they?"

I SOUGHT you, friends of youth, in sun and shade, By home and hearth—but no! ye were not there; "Where are ye gone, beloved ones, where?" I said; I listened, and an echo answered, "Where?" Then silence fell around — upon a tomb
I sat me down dismayed at death, and wept;
Over my senses fell a cloud of gloom,
They sank before the mystery, and I slept.

I slept — and then before mine eyes there pressed Faces that showed a bliss unknown before; The loved whom I in life had once possessed, Came one by one, till all were there once more.

A light of nobler worlds was round their head,
A glow of better actions made them fair;
"The dead are there," triumphantly I said,
Triumphantly the echo answered, "There!"

MRS. ARCHER CLIVE

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

XXXIX.

COULD we forget the widowed hour, And look on Spirits breathed away, As on a maiden in the day When first she wears her orange-flower!

When crowned with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move, And tears are on the mother's face, As parting, with a long embrace, She enters other realms of love;

Her office there to rear, to teach, Becoming, as is meet and fit, A link among the days, to knit The generations each with each;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern!

How often shall her old fireside

Be cheered with tidings of the bride!

How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that missed her most
Shall count new things as dear as old!

But thou and I have shaken hands, Till growing winters lay me low; My paths are in the fields I know, And thine in undiscovered lands.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE VERDICT OF DEATH.

HOW does Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It clothes their every gift and grace With radiance from the holiest place, With light as from an angel's face;

Recalling with resistless force, And tracing to their hidden source Deeds scarcely noticed in their course.

This little loving fond device, That daily act of sacrifice, Of which too late we learn the price!

Opening our weeping eyes to trace Simple, unnoticed kindnesses, Forgotten notes of tenderness,

Which evermore to us must be Sacred as hymns in infancy, Learned listening at a mother's knee. Thus does Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low;
Then let Love antedate the work of Death,
And do this now!

How does Death speak of our beloved When it has laid them low; When it has set its hallowing touch On speechless lip and brow?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand, As sweeps the sea the trampled sand, Till scarce the faintest print is scanned.

It shows how such a vexing deed Was but the generous nature's weed, Or some choice virtue run to seed;

How that small fretting fretfulness Was but love's over-anxiousness, Which had not been, had love been less.

This failing, at which we repined, But the dim shade of day declined, Which should have made us doubly kind.

Thus does Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low;
Then let Love antedate the work of Death,
And do this now!

How does Death speak of our beloved When it has laid them low; When it has set its hallowing touch On speechless lip and brow?

It takes each failing on our part, And brands it in upon the heart With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pained, A giant stature will have gained When it can never be explained;

The little service which had proved How tenderly we watched and loved, And those mute lips to glad smiles moved;

The little gift from out our store, Which might have cheered some cheerless hour, When they with earth's poor needs were poor, But never will be needed more!

It shows our faults like fires at night; It sweeps their failings out of sight; It clothes their good in heavenly light.

O Christ, our life! foredate the work of Death,
And do this now!

Thou who art love, thus hallow our beloved!

Not Death, but Thou!

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

A MEDITATION.

"I believe in the Communion of Saints."

A ND oh, Beloved ones, my lips are fain To speak of you! this heart of mine so long Hath communed with you, they may not refrain To pay you honor in a guileless song: I will not fear to do the Master wrong In praising you, His servants, whom, unseen, I love in Him. As oft a stranger's mien Grows sudden dear through summoning the face Of friend beloved, so have I joyed to trace Your features back to His, and in the tone Ye use, a sweeter voice hath still been known: Nor read I blame within their ardent eyes, Our elder, stronger Brethren of the skies, That unto me their names, their effigies Have been less dear than yours, who did not move About your work with them, whose feet of flame Upon their Master's errand went and came As in the lightning flash; with footsteps slow And wearied oft, kind ministers! ye went About this lower House of His, intent On humblest household tasks, and for the sake Of this great family, with care opprest,

That it might fare the sweeter, ye did wake
Betimes, and watch that it might safer rest.
Ye wore not then the Halo on your brow,
But bound on rugged paths where once of old

Your Master toiled, where toil your brethren now,
Ye had not Angels for your mates, but cold
Dull hearts were round you, that within your own
Ye warmed, till oft their chillness deadly grown
Hath made your hands, hath made your bosoms ache!

Now have ye reached the Mount of God! no stain Lies on your robes, and all your faces shine As shone they never here, while yet in frail Coarse vessels all your heaven-won treasure lay, While oft the light within would pale and pine Because the lamp that bore it was of clay — Now, far behind the shrouding veil, your way Leads on from grace to grace. —

— And even thus we meet,
And even thus we commune! spirits freed
And spirits fettered mingle, nor have need
To seek a common atmosphere; the air
Is meet for either in this olden, sweet,
Primeval breathing of Man's spirit — Prayer!

DORA GREENWELL

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

Thy mystic members fit
To join thy saints above
In one unmixed communion knit,
And fellowship of love.

For this Thy name we bless, And humbly beg that we May follow them in holiness, And live and die in Thee.

RICHARD MANT.

THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

"All live in Him."

LORD! if our dwelling-place Thou art,
With all Thine own we dwell;
O never may those lovers part
Who love the Lord full well.

Death has no bidding to divide
The souls that dwell in Thee:
Yes, all who in the Lord abide
Are of one family.

They mingle still their songs, their prayers,
Thy people, Lord, are one,
Thy people in the vale of tears,
Thy people near the throne.

The souls most precious to us here
May from this home have fled;
But still we make one household dear;
One Lord is still our head.

Midst cherubim and seraphim

They mind their Lord's affairs;
O! if we bring our work to Him,
Our work is one with theirs.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

WHEN the powers of Hell prevail
O'er our weakness and unfitness,
Could we lift the fleshly veil,
Could we for a moment witness
Those unnumbered hosts that stand
Calm and bright on either hand;

Could we see, though far and faint, (Sight too great for eyes unholy,)
Face of some departed saint
Tinged for us with melancholy;
Oh, what strength of shame and woe
Would start up to slay the foe!

Oh, what joyful hope would cheer,
Oh, what faith serene would guide us!
Great may be the danger near,
Greater are the friends beside us;
Oh! what reverent heed would then
Guide our footsteps among men!

Lord! Thy saints in evil hour
So did feel Thine armies round them,
That no sin could overpower,
And no shape of Death astound them —
Make our faith what theirs hath been —
Evidence of things unseen.

ANONYMOUS.

FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

WHITHER, oh! whither wilt thou wing thy way?
What solemn region first upon thy sight
Shall break, unveiled for terror or delight?
What hosts, magnificent in dread array,
My spirit! when thy prison-house of clay
After long strife is rent? Fond, fruitless quest!
The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest,

Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,
And through their parting leaves, by fits revealed,
A glimpse of summer sky; nor knows the field
Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.
Thou art that bird! — of what beyond thee lies
Far in the untracked, immeasurable skies
Knowing but this — that thou shalt find thy Guide!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE UNFAILING ONE.

"He faileth not." - ZEPH. iii. 5.

HE who hath led will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed will feed;
He who hath blessed will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry
Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never,
So rest on Him, to-day, forever!

Then trust Him for to-day
As thine unfailing Friend,
And let Him lead thee all the way,
Who loveth to the end.

And let the morrow rest
In His belovéd hand;
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand,—
If, trusting Him who faileth never,
We rest on Him, to-day, for ever!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

COMPELLED TO BEAR THE CROSS.

MY Lord, if I had chosen And asked a cross of Thee I think unto its bearing My heart would stronger be. Who takes his cross and follows With solemn will and choice, He feels Thy hand uplifting, He hears Thy calling voice. But my reluctant spirit It faints at toil and pain, And back to easy living Turns ever and again.

I think of the Cyrenian
Who crossed the city gate
When forth the stream was pouring
That bore Thy cruel fate.
From quiet country places
The startled man was caught
By that fierce human tumult
Where maddest passion wrought.

I ponder what within him The thoughts that woke that day, As his unchosen burden He bore, that unsought way.

For I, O Lord, Thou seest A heavy cross I bear, Yet in its choice, or making, I had nor will, nor share. The souls that lived before me This load for me did make, They left it me for birthright, I could not choose but take. This will toward good uncertain Yet vehement toward wrong, These yearnings that are feeble, These passions that are strong— Low, stubborn facts that cramp me. High visions that are vain, -The spirit that aspires, The body that's a chain, -This nature 's not my choosing -This cross, I cannot see How bearing it I ever Can follow after Thee.

Yet, "Tempted He as we are"!
Oh Lord, was Thy cross mine?
Am I, like Simon, bearing
A burden that is Thine?
Thou must have looked on Simon—
Turn, Lord, and look on me

Till I shall see, I follow And bear Thy cross with Thee. Then though I was compelled, I'll claim as boon the woe Through which my feet are learning The path where Thou dost go.

HARRIET WARE HALL

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

STRONG SON OF GOD.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love, Whom we, that have not seen Thy face, By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove!

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, oh Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell; That mind and soul, according well, May make one music, as before.

XXXII.

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

XXXIII.

O THOU that after toil and storm

Mayst seem to have reached a purer air,

Whose faith has centre everywhere,

Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith through form is pure as thine, Her hands are quicker unto good. O, sacred be the flesh and blood To which she links a truth divine!

See, thou that countest reason ripe In holding by the law within, Thou fail not in a world of sin, And e'en for want of such a type.

XXXVI.

THOUGH truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin;

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where Truth in closest words shall fail,
When Truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf, Or builds the house, or digs the grave, And those wild eyes that watch the wave In roarings round the coral reef.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BLESSED LIFE.

O BLESSED life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems;
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.

- O blessed life! the mind that sees, —
 Whatever change the years may bring, —
 A mercy still in everything,
 And shining through all mysteries.
- O blessed life! the soul that soars,
 When sense of mortal sight is dim,
 Beyond the sense beyond, to Him
 Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blessed life! heart, mind, and soul, From self-born aims and wishes free, In all at one with Deity, And loyal to the Lord's control.

O life! how blessed! how divine! High life, the earnest of a higher! Father! fulfil my deep desire, And let this blessed life be mine!

WILLIAM TIDD MATSON, 1866.

AFTER STRIFE.

THE Sabbath sunshine blessed the earth to-day With large, still utterance of a thought divine; For ever freely thus—it seemed to say—

Doth heavenly love on human darkness shine:

O bright beyond all suns that wondrous light of Thine!

To-night, the Sabbath moonlight, with white wings,
Dove-like, doth brood o'er Earth's dark, fevered
breast;

So God's great calm its gift of healing brings
To souls long tossed in sorrowful unrest,
And leaves therein the peace that cannot be expressed.

INDEPENDENT.

AFTER REST.

THE loving skies lean softly down to bless;
The hills reach upward for that mute caress;
White calms of clouds are floating on their way,
As winged with that sweet peace of yesterday.
Sunrise with singing in the east is born,
And the whole earth is jubilant this morn,
After the Day of Rest.

From out the white tent of that blest repose We pass, as one who unto battle goes, His head anointed with a kingly oil; And, as we climb anew the hills of toil, The work-day world, elate and all astir With eager tumults, looketh hopefuller After the Day of Rest.

Thus o'er our path the Sabbath lilies spring,
Through hours of strife their dewy sweets to fling;
With bells of peace to call our hearts away,
Expectant still of that eternal day
When souls that burn on tireless wing to rise,
Shall find all high and pure activities,
And weariness, all rest

INDEPENDENT.

THOUGHTS IN A CITY CHURCH.

FORGIVE the fault, if sometimes on Thy day
And in Thine house, my prayer hath folded wing;
My spirit turned from Thee to things of sense,
And found delight in vain imagining.

Ah, cool and quiet places where men pray!
Without, the gentle sound of cawing rooks,
Within, the country faces flushed with health,
The white smocks bent above the dog-eared books;

Soft breath of mignonette and scented thyme
From the warm hands of children sitting by,
And through the open door a veil of elm
Across the glory of the summer sky;

The sound of voices in the shady lane,

The trembling heat above some quiet mound;
And here the sunbeams' painting on the wall,

The ivy's shimmering shadow on the ground;

And everywhere a presence, without name,
Subtle, ineffable, — a spell, no more, —
Breathing from arch and elm, from flower and groin,
Ay, from the trodden stones upon the floor, —

A something that we know is not, to-day,
A something that gives strength to prayer and song;
And if we miss it, as we kneel to pray,
Art Thou extreme, O Lord, to mark it wrong?

Nay, for the desolate town was never Thine,
Unloveliness hath never part in Thee!
Yet, where gross man has marred Thy handiwork,
Souls that he could not reach, are white and free.

So that I breathe the breath of fragrant lives,
And learn that where flowers sicken, hearts grow
strong.

The better man within me cries, "Content!"

Albeit the weaker whispers still "How long?"

SPECTATOR.

HYMN TO THE CITY.

NOT in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes

From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes;

For them Thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores

Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound —
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng —
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest

Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,

Hushing its billowy breast —

The quiet of that moment too is Thine;

It breathes of Him who keeps

The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Sept. 3, 1802.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn Into the blowing roses, (Yet careless of its mansion new For the clear region where 't was born,) Round in itself incloses. And, in its little globe's extent Frames, as it can, its native element. How it the purple flower does slight, Scarce touching where it lies; But, gazing back upon the skies, Shines with a mournful light, Like its own tear, Because so long divided from the sphere. Restless it rolls and unsecure. Trembling lest it grow impure; Till the warm sun pities its pain, And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.

In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day.
Dark beneath, but bright above;
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upward bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, though congealed and chill;

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE RETREAT.

Congealed on earth, but does dissolving run Into the glories of the almighty Sun.

HAPPY those early days, when I Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,

Or taught my soul to fancy aught But a white, celestial thought; When yet I had not walked above A mile or two from my first love, And looking back, at that short space, Could see a glimpse of his bright face; When on some gilded cloud or flower My gazing soul would dwell an hour, And in those weaker glories spy Some shadows of eternity; Before I taught my tongue to wound My conscience with a sinful sound, Or had the black art to dispense A several sin to every sense, But felt through all this fleshly dress Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back, And tread again that ancient track! That I might once more reach that plain Where first I left my glorious train; From whence th' enlightened spirit sees

That shady city of palm-trees.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY,

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

ī.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see he

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief: A timely utterance gave that thought relief, And I again am strong:

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep; No more shall grief of mine the season wrong; I hear the echoes through the mountains throng; The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay; Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday; —
Thou child of joy,

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy!

IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.

O evil day if I were sullen
While the Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning,
And the children are pulling
On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

— But there 's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone;

The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar; Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness.

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy; Shades of the prison-house begin to close Upon the growing boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;

The youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own; Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind, And even with something of a mother's mind, And no unworthy aim,

The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses, A six years' darling of a pygmy size! See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies, Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses, With light upon him from his father's eyes! See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, Some fragment from his dream of human life, Shaped by himself with newly learned art;

A wedding or a festival, A mourning or a funeral, And this hath now his heart, And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

VIII.

 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke The years to bring the inevitable yoke, Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife? Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight, And custom lie upon thee with a weight, Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed Perpetual benediction — not, indeed, For that which is most worthy to be blest; Delight and liberty, the simple creed Of childhood, whether busy or at rest, With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing; Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make Our noisy years seem moments in the being Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor, Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy, Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore, And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

x.

Then sing, ye birds! sing, sing a joyous song!

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng, Ye that pipe and ye that play, Ye that through your hearts to-day Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright Be now forever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;

We will grieve not, rather find Strength in what remains behind; In the primal sympathy Which, having been, must ever be, In the soothing thoughts that spring Out of human suffering, In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ve fountains, meadows, hills, and groves, Forebode not any severing of our loves! Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might; I only have relinquished one delight To live beneath your more habitual sway. I love the brooks which down their channels fret, Even more than when I tripped lightly as they; The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun Do take a sober coloring from an eye That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality; Another race hath been, and other palms are won. Thanks to the human heart by which we live, Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears, To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1803-1806.

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